The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact," will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton on October 15th.

Three out of every four new books that come in nowadays deal with some aspect of the Great War. Among books and pamphlets of this kind that have been received in the last few days are:

"Quick Training for War," by Sir Robert Baden-Powell (Herbert Jenkins).

"The Campaign round Liége (Hodder & Stoughton).

"The Siege of Liége," by Paul Hamelius (Werner Laurie). Dr. Hamelius was Professor of English Literature at the Liége University, and writes as an eye-witness.

"A.B.C. Guide to the Great War," by Edmund B. D'Auvergne (Werner Laurie).

"Union Jack Lyrics," by F. J. Johnston-Smith (Erskine Macdonald).

"The Meaning of the War," by Frederic Harrison (Macmillan).

"Bloodshed." The tragedy of a modern Cæsar, by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport (Holden & Hardingham).

"Why Britain Fights," by D. J. Medley (James MacLehose).

"Our Duty at Home in Time of War," by Paul B. Bull (Mowbray & Co.).

"In the Firing Line (Hodder & Stoughton).

"Patriotic Songs and Poems" (Erskine Macdonald).

"Poems of the Great War" (Chatto & Windus), by Robert Bridges, William Watson, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, G. K. Chesterton, John Drinkwater, Sir Owen Seaman, Harold Begbie, Lawrence Binyon, etc.

"Remember Louvain," a poetical anthology of Liberty and War (Methuen).

"Lord God of Battles," a War anthology compiled by A. E. Manning Foster (Cope & Fenwick).

"Brave Belgium: Her History and Her People," by Angelo S. Rappoport (F. & C. Palmer).

"1914," a poem, by C.W. (W. Hopper & Sons).

"Modern Germany and the Modern World," by M. E. Sadler (Macmillan).

"Naval Recognition Book." How to identify ships at sea, by Fred T. Jane (Sampson Low).

"France and the French People" (Simpkin, Marshall).

"Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time" (John Lane), which includes nearly all the best of the war poems that have appeared in the dailies

and weeklies in the last two months by Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Henry Newbolt, Neil Munro, Coulson Kernahan, Eden Philpotts, Sir Owen Seaman, Stephen Phillips, William Watson, and other well-known writers.

We have received timely reprints of:

"The Battle of Dorking"—General Chesney's vivid and for long enormously popular tale of an imaginary invasion of England (Grant Richards). This was first published forty-three years ago, and created a profound sensation. Its lurid forecasts have never been realised—like all forecasts, it exaggerates our supposed unreadiness and ineptness, but it still makes capital reading.

"Dame Europa's School," another book that was phenomenally popular in the '70's (Simpkin, Marshall).

"Germany's Swelled Head," by Emil Riche, which gains a new and striking significance from what is happening at present (Andrew Melrose).

"Pan-Germanism," by Roland G. Usher (Constable)—the complement of Bernhardi's notorious book, and you may read in it how, in German opinion, "the British Empire has never been a reality, nor ever will be"; how, if we were threatened with extinction, our Colonies would throw us over and India rise against us. The kind of book which demonstrates that even the most learned of German Professors are not nearly so wise as they imagine they are.

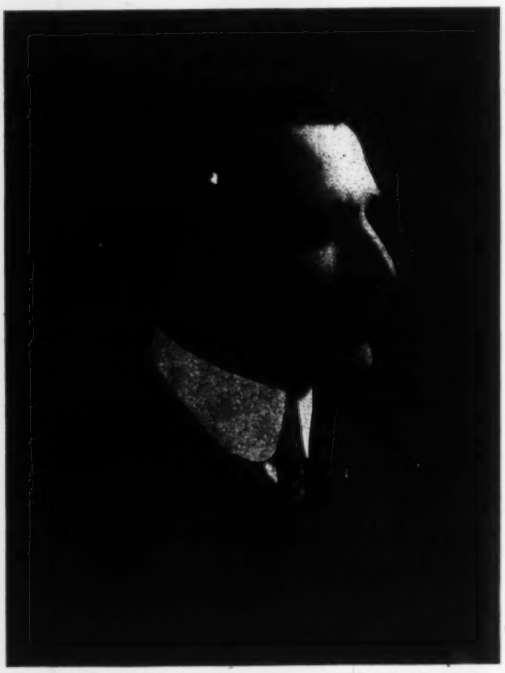


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. W. G. Hole,**
whose poetic drama, "The Master" (Erskine Macdonald), has met with such striking success here and in America.

"How Germany Makes War," by General F. von Bernhardi, and "The German Army from Within," by a British officer who served in it, two books of especial interest just now, are published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mrs. Florence Barclay,
whose new novel, "The Wall of Partition" (Putnam's), is reviewed in this Number.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing the first twelve of a series of postcard reproductions of the war cartoons which have recently appeared in *Punch*.

Mr. John Murray is publishing a third edition of General Sir David Henderson's work, "The Art of Reconnaissance," with an additional chapter dealing with the principles governing the military airman's functions.

A set of six War Office maps, covering the area of the War on the Russo-German frontier, are to be issued shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"The Unseen Empire," a story of War and Peace between England and Germany, by Atherton Brownell, will be published this month by Messrs. Harper.

Miss Marie Van Vorst's latest novel, "His Love Story" (Mills & Boon), has a peculiarly timely interest in that it is the real love story of a French officer who is now fighting at the front.

Lord Roberts has written a special article on "The Supreme Duty of the Citizen in the Present Crisis" for the October issue of the *Hibbert Journal*.

"The Franco-German War, 1870–71," by Field-Marshal von Moltke, has been re-issued by Messrs. Harper, this reprint containing all Archibald Forbes's notes and revisions.

Mr. John Long has published a cheap edition of "The Secret History of the Court of Berlin," by Henry W. Fischer.

Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing next week "The Encounter," a new novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. de Selincourt). The story is, by force of circumstances, curiously opportune; it is a story of the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany which has produced the present crisis.

Mr. Louis Tracy,
who has lately completed a new novel, which Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Mr. Pett Ridge is among the War novelists, but, as might have been expected, he is there in his own inimitable way, and "The Happy Recruit," which Messrs. Methuen publish, is an intimate story of life in the army from the point of view of a young man who joins a London regiment at Bow Creek.

A book of exceptional interest just now is "Bruges: A Record and an Impression," by Mary Stratton, which Messrs. Batsford have just published. It is illustrated with 120 drawings by Charles Wade.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has included in his "Oxford Garland" series an admirable collection of "Patriotic Poems," selected by Mr. R. M. Leonard.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, one of the Secretaries of the National Relief Fund, asks us to call attention to a special appeal addressed to the cricket-loving public and signed by many leading cricketers, who urge that this Fund makes an instinctive and instantaneous appeal to the generosity of the public, and "We, as cricketers, know that there is no public so sportsmanlike and so generous as the cricketing crowd. As the Prince has truly said, 'this is a time when we all stand by one another.' All of us as a nation are members of a national team. We have pleasant memories of seas of faces, which in happier times have watched us play, and we ask all those who have thus watched us, and who have cheerfully paid their half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences as gate-money, to step forward and contribute over again their half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences to the Prince's Fund, out of gratitude for the enjoyment the cricket field has given them in the past. We make this personal appeal from ourselves to all those who love the game to send whatever they can spare to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace, London, S.W."

Mr. Frederick William Wallace,
whose new novel, "Blue Water" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday (August 29th), Mr. Edward Carpenter was the recipient of a congratulatory address signed by a large number of our leading men of letters testifying to the feelings of admiration and gratitude with which they regarded his life-work, and thanking him for the genius with which he has interpreted great spiritual truths, and more than all "for the spirit of comradeship which has endeared your name to all who know you, and to many who to yourself are unknown." It was a graceful and fitting tribute to the high services Mr. Edward Carpenter has rendered in the cause of human progress.

Messrs. Longmans have just published the second and final volume of Sir George Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox"—which brings to a close the series of six volumes of which the first four were entitled, "The History of the American Revolution."

"The Lost Boy," a new story by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Harper. In it Dr. Van Dyke tells the story of the finding of Christ in the Temple much as in "The Other Wise Men," he told the story of the Nativity.

The new number of *The Odd Volume* is a generous and excellent shillingsworth. It offers a wealth of good reading by many of the most popular authors, and twenty-four pictures in colour and thirty-two in black-and-white, by a brilliant company of famous artists, including Frank Reynolds, John Hassall, Willy Pogany, Arthur Rackham, Heath Robinson, Tony Sarg, Lawson Wood, Charles

Robinson, Will Owen, etc. The four hitherto unpublished drawings by Charles Keene are alone worth the price of this popular Annual. *The Odd Volume* is issued with the good object of raising funds for the Book Trade Provident Society.

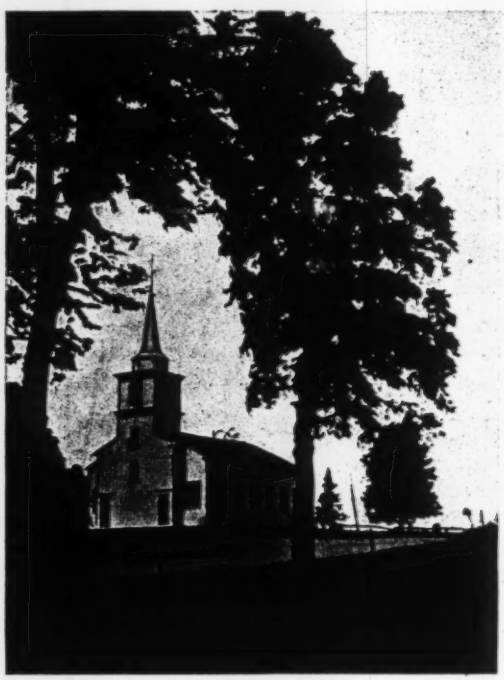
"Behind the Scenes in the Terror," a new work, by Hector Fleischmann, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Greening.

"Never Laugh at Love," a new novel by Dolf Wyllarde, will be published this month by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, who are also issuing "The Prelude," by the very successful Australian novelist who wrote "The Man MacDonald."

Messrs. Maunsel are publishing shortly two new books by Mr. Darrell Figgis: a new collection of his poems, "The Mount of Transfiguration," and an anthology entitled "The Lyric Cry."

Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel, "The Pride of Eve" (Cassell), is a story of modern life with, for heroine, a woman who is the incarnation of the modern feminine spirit.

"A Cluster of Grapes," the anthology of representative twentieth-century poetry that Mr. Erskine Macdonald published last May, is still selling, in spite of the War, and has just reached a second edition.



Tory Hill Meeting House.
The scene of Kate Douglas Wiggin's book, "The Old Peabody Pew."

"The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing immediately, in two volumes, "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France," by Elise Whitlock Ross. Other books to be published this month by the same firm are "Old Court Life in Spain," by Frances M. Elliott; "The Younger Generation," by Ellen Key; "The Dread of Responsibility," by Emile Faguet; and "Children of Banishment," a novel, by Francis W. Sullivan.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing during October Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. Haggard's "Women of the Revolutionary Era"; and, in addition to many reprints, "A Water-Fly's Wooing," by Annesley Kenealy; "The Creeping Tides," by Kate Jordan; "The Undying Race," by René Milan; and "Little Madame Claude," by Hamilton Drummond.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last year's Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competion proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of The Bookman, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the* 1st *October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the* 1st *December if from the Colonies, India, or eleswhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in The Bookman *for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

RIDGWELL CULLUM.

THOSE of us who have dipped into the fascinating pages of the journals of the pioneers, men like Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the two Henrys, and Daniel Harmon, who were the first to open the shining portals of Canadian literature, must have been struck by the richness of the material still at the disposal of the novelist and historian, virgin ground still to be broken. In the past there was Fenimore Cooper who caught the glamour of the Indian and visualised the romance of the backwoodsman; there was Bret Harte who, though he did not write about the northern plains and lacked the epic talents of his predecessor, wrote charmingly and well about sentimental blackguards — creations more of the limelight perhaps than of real flesh and blood—but with a finish and subtlety that make him still the undisputed master of the novel of Californian life and manners. It is remarkable that with all this untilled field as a fresh and radiant background so few modern writers, comparatively speaking, seem to have taken proper advantage of it as a setting for the work of their imagination. Canada, one of the most exploited countries under the sun, the youngest and most strenuous of nations, seems to be very limited in its appeal to the novelist. We do not mean to say that Canada is neglected, that its varied resources are not continually being drawn on by imaginative writers and travellers, but what we do say is that it has not been exploited so much in the literary sense as it has been explored in the topographical sense.

Photo Central News.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum.

Happily for us, however, there are one or two modern writers who are carrying on the growing traditions of Canadian prose, though not all of them are Canadians. There is quite a little group of authors who have made the Canadian backwoods their special study. There is Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet; Ernest Thompson Seton, who has raised natural history to the high level of humanity; Jack London; "Ralph Connor"; Robert W. Service, the Arctic Kipling; and lately there has come into the field a new and remarkable writer who has made Canada the background of his stories, and has been hailed by the critics as a worthy successor to Bret Harte.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has achieved a high reputation here and in America in a very short time; for it is only within the last few years that his star has risen steadily above the horizon, and if we may judge from the sales of his books and the chorus of the critics, it must now be well in the ascendant. Mr. Cullum has seen life; he has not lived in the inkpot all his days where so many of us take refuge, listening to the agreeable fairy tales of the genie of the lamp which we mistake for living truths. Is there Romany blood in the author of "The One Way Trail," and that long series of novels of Canadian frontier life? What is it that makes some men stay by their own hearths, cherishing the milder humanities, and others—dear, delightful brothers of Borrow and Stevenson!—play truant far from home, seeking elbow-room on the broad savannahs, making the rough sea their playground? It is a dancing devil in the blood that will not let him rest till he has quenched his wander-thirst and found the magic well, whether it be in a homely English dingle or in the foc's'le of a "tramp" crawling slug-like across the unknown sea that takes him far and far away into that world of adventure that most of us have never known except between the covers of a book. We know that dancing devil well. It has followed us from the land of rock and heather to the land of the mimosa, from the grey Pentlands to the soft Mediterranean, all through the pleasant land of France. Mr. Cullum has filled his soul with this wander lust. He is a literary Ulysses if ever there was one. We like to think of him in those more strenuous days when he mixed with Kaffir and Boer and Indian, following the trail with rifle in hand and a bowie in his belt, ready for the next fray, for in the backwoods a danger lurks in every bush—every shadow is liable to spring into deadly life. He has roughed it, and he almost starved to death in Alaska, that frozen world about which Robert Service sings, but with a sorrow in the lilt of his songs, remembering its ancient hardship. He has been in the diamond mines of Kimberley, where he fell in with an organised band of freebooters who came together to oppose the Boer farmers who were beginning to play their scurvy tricks on British settlers in Bechuanaland. Like Mr. Conrad, he has been a sailor before the mast. He has "cow punched" in the Canadian States where life is cheap, and he ended his vagabondage in South Africa by mapping out the town of Mafeking. It makes one limp to think of all this stupendous energy stowed away in one individual. Never again let us

hear the unwise dictum that the man of action and the man of letters are distinct. They are not. They are a happy blend, a rare and precious endowment like the blend of idealist and man of affairs, poet and statesman, we get to perfection, say, in the character of the Scot.

And these are the blended qualities that have gone to the making of Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, the novelist who is commonly spoken of as the new Bret Harte. The comparison is, of course, the inevitable one: the two writers have certain points of resemblance; they deal with much the same primitive types of men and women; they both paint the scenery of the backwoods, the outlands, the glamorous, wild country that lies on the fringes of civilisation; but there are wide differences between them. First of all, Mr. Ridgwell Cullum works on a broader canvas; he has a stronger grip of realities, and, though it may seem a bold thing to say, a truer insight into character. Bret Harte's characters are too often mere illusory outlines; he sentimentalises them until they are no longer actual human beings. They are the ideal rogues and vagabonds you never meet with anywhere except in the pages of a romance, or on the comic opera stage. Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is a dogged realist just as Bret Harte was a dogged romantic. The author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" lives by reason of his artistry, his whimsical humour, and that warm human note that gives a colour to even his most drab, everyday scheme. There is less of this warm human note in the work of Mr. Cullum, except here and there, as in some of the love scenes; but there is instead a rush of elemental passion, strong as Zola. No living writer excels Mr. Cullum in the imaginative realism of his art. Such picturesque, vivid tales of adventure and excitement as "The Night Riders," "The Watchers of the Plains," "Devil's Keg," "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," owe their effectiveness and their popularity no less to the interest of plot and sure skill of narration than to the imaginative realism with which their incidents and their characters are presented. You are made to feel that these are real men and women living in an atmosphere that is none the less real and the more fascinating for being unfamiliar to the average reader. I have heard people say they would like to find the softer note a little more in these finely-conceived, throbbing stories of the northern plains, but for my part, I would not have it introduced at the expense of the strong drama and masculine vigour of style that are the distinctive properties of Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's work.

He is no hand at a pretty love story, and though love has its share in his striking series of romances it is never the lion's share. There is less of humour in them than of the sterner human elements.

As a specimen of their lighter side take the quaint and coloured speech of Doc Crombie, the revivalist mayor of Barnriff:

"It ain't your dogone dollars we want. It's your souls. D'you git that? An' when we've sure got 'em wot'll we do with 'em, you ast? Wal, I don't guess we're doin' a cannibal line of business. Nor ain't we goin' to stuff 'em and set 'em up as objec's o' ridicool to the ungodly hogs wot wallers in the swill o' no adulteratin' son-of-a-moose of a dealer in liver pizen. No, gents that ain't us. We're goin' to save 'em. An' I personal guarantees that savin' racket goes. Did I hear any mangy son-of-a-coyote guess he didn't believe no such guarantee? No, an' I guess he best not. I'm a man of peace, as all knows in this yere city, but I'd hate to try an' shut out a blizzard in winter by stuffin' that gopher's perforated carkis under the door jamb when I was thro' with it. I say right here were out to save cakises—I mean souls. An', say, fellers, jest think. Gettin' your souls saved for a few measly cents. Ain't that elegant? No argyment, no kickin'. Them souls is jest goin' to be dipped, an' they'll come up white an' shinin out o' the waters o' righteousness a sight cleaner than you ever got your faces at Christmas, washin' in Silas Rocket's hoss trough, even when his hoss soap was plenty. Think of it, fellers, and I speak speshul to you whisky souses wot ain't breathed pure air sence you last was let loose on the same gent's picklin' speerit."

First and last, Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is that rarest kind of novelist nowadays—the man who can tell a good tale. You cannot read him without feeling that he writes with large reserves of power. His last book is as fresh as his first and as full of life; he has already achieved a large measure of success, but not more than the writer of such admirable novels as "The One Way Trail" and "The Way of the Strong" has fully deserved.

B. R.

THE READER.

THE POETRY OF WAR.

By A. St. John Adcock.

I.

WE have never particularly resented being called a nation of shopkeepers. It is not as if we had been accused of limiting our business activities to a single trade and (emulating the strange Prussian aspiration) of transforming ourselves into a nation of butchers. We are shopkeepers in the large, sane meaning of the term, and there is nothing derogatory in that description, so long as we make it clear, as we are doing again just now, that our honour is not of the things that we sell.

Shakespeare was a shopkeeper, an unusually capable one; but his partnership in a successful theatrical business did not prevent him from writing some of the greatest poetry in the world's dramatic literature. For shopkeeping in general, a peaceful, useful occupation, is no way incompatible with the pursuit of culture, with the realisation of humane ideals, with the living of that finer life of the spirit which differentiates civilised man from the crude savage whose faith is in brute force, and whose one trade is war. And peoples who have emerged from barbarism do not cease to be fighting men because they have ceased to be fighting men only. America has demonstrated that; France is at present proving it; and for ourselves—I think the native common sense of the British race brought it long since to see the insignificance, the childish absurdity of cultivating fierce moustaches and wearing spiked helmets in order to look dangerous; that sort of thing, supposed in certain quarters to be so brightly up to date, is foolishly behind the times. Even the Chinese know better now than to go on hoping to terrify their opponents by wearing ugly war-masks. Another point in our favour as a race, is that we do not devote our energies to acquiring the goose-step; like sensible folk we are contented to leave that style of locomotion to the bird that is naturally afflicted with it.

For those manifestations of barbarism are obsolete; they are signs of moral and mental degeneracy. German professors have written us down as degenerates because the passion for militarism, the lust of conquest has departed from us and we are no longer moved to pass our lives swaggering in battle array and menacing the goods and lives of our neighbours. I like to think that since we became a lettered, civilised country the arrogant exhibition of courage has not entered into our conception of the competent, heroic warrior.

None of our poets who have themselves been soldiers have blustered about the glory of war. Chaucer fought against France under the banner of Edward III., but there is little that is martial in his poetry, though he tells in gallant fashion of tilt and tourney and the fine doings of chivalry. You remember the Knight in his "Canterbury Tales," how he had shown himself "full worthy" in war; had for his puissance been placed at table above the knights of every other country; yet, as his crowning praise, Chaucer records that, though brave, he was wise,

> "And of his port as meek as is a maid.
> He never yet no villainy ne said
> In all his life unto no manner wight:
> He was a very perfect gentle knight."

Moreover, into his conception of the Temple of Mars, Chaucer puts nothing of that dignity and splendour of war which might be supposed to appeal to a soldier-poet; it is a "sory place," he says, and the paintings on its walls are of murderings, assassinations, "open warres," with bleeding wretches in agony, and in the midst sits Mischance,

> "With sory comfort and evil countenance."

It is true there is a figure of Conquest painted up in a tower, but as he sits with a sword suspended above

William Shakespeare.

From a copy of the Davenant bust.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."—*Henry V.*

him by a single thread it is not to be presumed that his position is worth occupying.

Reading his amatory verses and scholarly translations one would not guess that the Earl of Surrey had soldiered in France. Sir Walter Raleigh, that daring, brilliant hero, never fought with his pen; all his poems are of the amatory, the philosophical or the pleasantly pastoral order; and Sir Philip Sidney, our ideal soldier, made no song that triumphs over his enemies, but wrote the loveliest sonnets to the moon, to sleep, to love, and verses that sigh over the vanity of human things. These and other such seem to be a vastly different type of fighting man from the "blond brute," the professional slaughterer, adored of Bernhardi and the German Kaiser; but we are having an object lesson at this moment in which is the more effective type of the two.

John Milton.

From an engraving after the painting by Fairthorne

"Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war."
—*Sonnet to Cromwell.*

Our bowmen who won at Crécy and Agincourt were called up from the field, the forge and the workshop to go out and fight for their country; they are called up again to-day from the field, the factory, the desk, the counter and are going out to fight in the good old fashion, and winning in the good old way. All down the ages, so far as one who reads can judge, it has best suited the peculiar genius of our people to maintain a small, thoroughly-trained army in readiness to stem the first onset of aggression, and then to meet the emergency by inviting a free people to join in the defence of their rights and, so far, they have never failed to respond to that invitation, joyously and at once. Two hundred years after Chaucer was dead, you find his ideal of knighthood still living in Ben Jonson's epistle "to a friend, Master Colby, to persuade him to the wars"—an appeal that might well have been written yesterday instead of three centuries ago, so applicable is it to what is happening in our generation:

"Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy: the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse, or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease and be o'erwhelmed with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his sleepy life,
Quickening dead nature to her noblest strife . . .

Go, quit them all, and take along with thee
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives thou dare give her again;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on
Thou shrink nor start not, but be always one;
That thou think nothing great but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name;
And last, blaspheme not; we did never hear
Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear.
These take, and now go seek thy peace in war:
Who falls for love of God shall rise a star."

Ben was no milk-and-water poet either. In his youth he had fought with our armies in Flanders; he had had experience of war, and you may take it he was addressing, in Mr. Colby, the type of Englishman who shattered the pride of the Spanish Armada, who wrought on the same field as the chivalrous Sidney—men who went out to battle not as ravening brutes, but as free human creatures, who were yet prepared to take up arms and slay or be slain in a cause that they felt was just.

Pass over another two centuries, and the same great ideal of the warrior as hero remains inviolate in Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington":

"Yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right;
Truth-teller was our English Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

A good deal has been written in praise of war by men who have done no more than sit safely at home to think about it; of its regenerating influences on mankind; of how it gives fresh impetus to commerce and fosters the arts. There is some truth in this; but with equal truth you might say as much of religion. Ruskin somewhere sees significance in the fact that spears, shields, helmets, implements of war, were lovingly and richly enchased with artistic decorations, whilst no man has carved images of beauty on the handles of his plough. Whatever significance lay in that fact belongs to the past; it is, in the same way, significant now-a-days that nothing could be more severely unadorned than the modern cannon and rifle. In sober earnest, we are coming to recognise war only as a necessary

National Portrait Gallery. **Robert Southey.**

After a drawing by Henry Edridge.

"And the world
Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
Will raise up indignation, and pour out
His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress."
—*Joan of Arc.*

evil in the human community, and as not the less evil for being still necessary. Men of reason face it now precisely as a rescue party descends a blazing mine, mounts into a burning house, launches the lifeboat into the blind fury of a storm—unafraid, but not glorying. I believe there could have been no enthusiasm roused in this country to-day for an unjustifiable war; our friends and fellow-workers are arming in thousands, not because they love "the sport of kings," or because they are keen after glory or booty, but because we dare not turn aside from the voices of humanity and honour that called to us out of Belgium, as Cromwell called to the French King when the Piedmontese, whom France was pledged to protect, were brutally massacred:

"There are reasons of state which might give thee inducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a king as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear, and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy and his Son Christ, whose name and doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favourable to thee and propitious through the course of thy life."

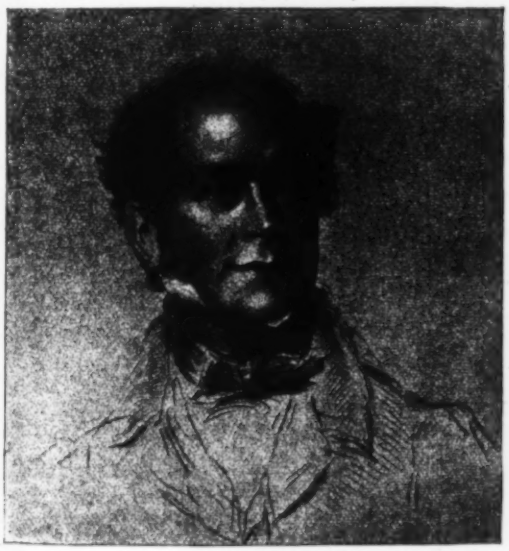
II.

It is such a principle as this, and such emotions as these, that give War nearly all the poetry and glory that may belong to it. There is nothing of either in the raw carnage, in the piles of mangled slain. Albeit, something magnificent there is, apart from every ethical consideration, in the heroic fighting against odds; in a charge like that of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, in any act of high courage in the field; but perhaps the incidents that thrill and uplift us most in the telling are those in which the kindlier, self-sacrificing instincts of men are seen to survive amidst all the barbarity and indescribable inferno of a battle-field. The dying Sidney's little kindness to the soldier who lay wounded beside him at Zutphen, and his quiet self-renunciatory, "His need is greater than mine," are worth nearly all his poetry. The right touch, too, is in each of those innumerable tales of how on a stricken field a man will stop under a hail of bullets to carry a wounded comrade into safety. It is in countless anecdotes of the present war: in that of how when a company of British artillery

National Portrait Gallery. **Thomas Campbell.**

From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

". . . Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause."
—*Men of England.*



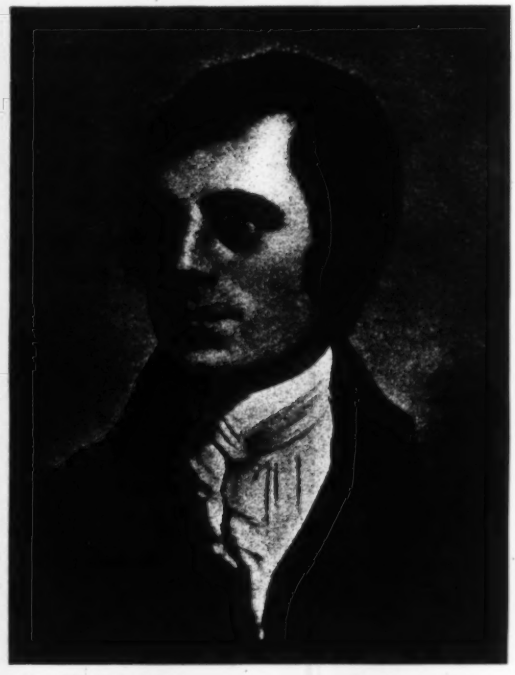
Thomas Moore.

"Had you but hurled
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freedom and tyrants had spread through the world."
—*To Italy when Austria entered Naples, (1821).*

Lord Byron.

'What! shall reviving thraldom again be
The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
Shall we who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage?"
—*Childe Harold.*

were so decimated that only three of them remained, these three alone worked the gun unflinchingly until relief could be sent to them; in that of how a war-worn troop of Britishers shared their rations with starving refugees; in that of how our seamen sunk the enemy's ships, then lowered their boats to save the drowning Germans. And see how finely one slight act of German chivalry shines against the black record she has elsewhere made for herself. Somewhere along the Marne, a French non-commissioned officer found himself and two hundred men cut off from their regiment and surrounded. He held his ground until he and all his men were shot down; then when the victors came forward the German commander saluted and shook hands with him, and was so keen to honour his bravery that he had him carried from the field with his rifle lying beside him on the stretcher. A trifle, no doubt, but there is a different light about it from that which haloes the ruins of Louvain.



National Portrait Gallery. **Robert Burns.**

From the painting by Alexander Nasmyth.

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!"
—*Bruce's Address to his Army.*

A few days ago I saw the Scots Guards tramping along Cannon Street, from the Tower to Waterloo Station. A sturdy, cheery, martial body of men, they marched past with their band playing, rank after rank, four deep and in such numbers that the band was beyond hearing in the traffic before the last of them went by me; and the most vivid recollection of them that stays with me is of how a wife, a mother, a sweetheart, a brother, a friend marched here and there beside or among the soldiers; particularly of how one bronzed guardsman, a handsome, well set up fellow, marched a little out of the line to make room betwixt himself and his khakied comrade for a fatherly, grey-bearded civilian who had shouldered the soldier's rifle, so as to leave him free to carry his little girl, a child of two, whilst his wife, heavy-eyed and tremulous at the mouth, kept pace with him, linked to his arm. The homeliness of that group in so warlike a setting helped to illustrate in its way all that I have been labouring to express: that all the good and the gracious human qualities are formed and nurtured in peace, amidst the decencies of common, every-day life; that war may on occasion evoke them, but it no more creates them than the night creates the stars.

National Portrait Gallery. **Sir Walter Scott.**

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"
—*Marmion.*

III.

In the Iliads of Homer you hear "the horror of arms endlessly thundering"—they are a glorification of strength and prowess in battle, untroubled by the niceties of our more complex moralities; and though Chapman claims that there are "piety, justice, valour and royalty eternally shining" in them too, they have certainly little of the kindlier human feeling, the sense of pity, mercy, sorrow for the sufferings of the weak and the innocent, of resentment against man's inhumanity to man that are growing to a louder undertone in the poetical literatures of the modern world.

There is good honest fighting in the brave old Border ballads—"The Battle of Otterbourne," "Chevy Chase," and a hundred others; the clash of good honest fighting, also, and a passionate love of liberty, and a deep and rapturous patriotism in Scott's vigorous romantic poems; a relentless fury of animal courage rages in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; and so much of the ancient Adam persists in all of us that we can still exult in such robust clean valour of the valiant men of an earlier day. There is, indeed, an unregenerate sense in which courage and daring are their own sufficient justification, and even if you tell me that Henry V. had no right in France at all, I am so mortal and illogical that, none the less, I must give my heart to such a glowing fervour of national pride as inspires Drayton's great "Ballad of Agincourt." I am indifferent to what of

that sentiment may breathe in his dreary "Wars of the Barons," because they are dreary, but I yield at once before the glorious onrush of his ballad with its breezy opening:

"Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry."

its doughty boast of our English King Harry:

"Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain";

and the rejoicing tribute to the skill and staunchness of the English archers who:

"None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together."

We are not always so happy in our patriotic bards. Thompson was, anyway, not the man to write a great patriotic hymn; he was naturally too sluggish, too placid, too didactic, and if "Rule Britannia" had not been set to inspiriting music it would never have been disinterred from the dead "Masque of Alfred" to which it belongs. Does anybody ever sing more than the first two verses and the chorus of it? Is it conceivable that in these times we should get any thrill out of such a last verse as:

"The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair."

There is no fire, no spontaneity in this as there is in Burns's fiery, white-hot song of patriotism "Scots wha' hae"; and in the "Marseillaise," which sprang full-armed from the heart that felt it and gathered up into its haunting cadences all the sense of wrongs endured and lives broken, all the rage against tyranny and injustice burning in the souls of a France newly risen and resolved to be free. If the "Marseillaise" for its firm exultant ardour is the greatest of democratic battle-hymns, I would put next to it Julia Ward Howe's noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword—
His truth is marching on . . ."

Campbell had the true Drayton spirit, and breathed it into "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic"; and the same splendid spirit shouts in Macaulay's "Armada"; in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," his "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," and in his ballads of "The Defence of Lucknow," and "The Revenge." His "Hands all Round" may be poor poetry in the main: it is good patriotism; but a greater patriotic and poetical utterance of his is "The Third of February," addressed to the House of Lords in 1852, when there were rumours that Napoleon III. was preparing to attack England, and the Lords seemed disposed, for the sake of peace, to condone the bloody *coup d'état* that had placed him on his throne:

"As long as we remain we must speak free,
Though all the storm of Europe on us break;
No petty German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe: we *must* speak,
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

"If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.
Better the waste Atlantic rolled
On her and us and ours for evermore.
What! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?"

Lord Macaulay.

From a bronze medallion by Baron Marochetti, modelled in 1848. The original belongs to Viscount Knutsford.

"Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey."—*Ivry.*

Always Tennyson spoke stoutly for liberty, for human brotherhood and the rights of men, rejoicing in "England and America" that the Americans, those strong sons of England, had, in 1782, "wrenched their rights" from us, and retaught us the lesson of freedom we had taught them—rejoicing that:

"The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom."

Since Shakespeare we have had no greater patriotic poets than Wordsworth, in his noble sonnets on Liberty, and Tennyson; and the beacon fires they lit are answered along the years by Kipling's "Song of the English" and "The English Flag," by his statelier, nobler "Hymn before Action" and "Recessional"; by Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum," "Admirals All," and other of his brave sea-lyrics; by Alfred Noyes's glowing epic of "Drake"; and with a grander flame than all by Henley's:

"What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?"

IV.

Few contemporary poets drew inspiration from our Civil War between King and Parliament. Lovelace, a King's man, wrote gallantly to his Lucasta "on going to the warres":

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

and there is that resplendent sonnet of Milton's to the Lord-General:

"Cromwell, our chief of men who, through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

Marvell wrote, none too well, on Blake's victory over the Spaniards at Santa Cruz, though he wrote far finelier than Dryden on the death of Cromwell. There is little else, but later days have made amends, and no period of our history is more honoured now in story and in song. One recalls Browning's dashing "Cavalier Tunes," Walter Thornbury's "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," Praed's loyalist ballad of "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor"; but the palm goes to Macaulay's thunderous thanksgiving after "The Battle of Naseby":

"Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong
Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God . . ."

Less fortunate in poetry, though sufficiently celebrated in prose, have been the great Duke of Marlborough and the Battle of Blenheim. Prior commemorated the victory and ridiculed the vanquished in some rather pedestrian satirical verses addressed to his French rival Boileau; meanwhile, Addison produced that famous, frigid poem on "The Campaign," which he dedicated to the Duke—a formal, detailed narrative, a mechanical performance that is scarcely relieved by the one extravagantly-belauded passage describing how his lordship:

"Amidst confusion, horror and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

James Russell Lowell.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines:
Peace, too, brings tears; and mid the battle din
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin."
—*The Washers of the Shroud.*

It is an elegant, flattering picture, this of Marlborough gratified to serve as a sort of orderly officer to Omnipotence; but you need not grudge the Duke his compliment, for by and by, when he died, Swift wrote the satirical elegy upon him that is surely the bitterest, most scathing indictment ever written against war and a successful commander:

". . . Behold his funeral appears:
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say—
He had those honours in his day;
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died . . ."

A century later Southey takes up the theme, and in his simpler, gentler vein, he too satirises the Duke and his triumph, in "The Battle of Blenheim," where old Kaspar, sitting outside his cottage moralising over a skull his grandchildren have picked up from what had been the battle-field, finds himself unable to explain to them why the victory of Blenheim was a great and a famous one. His father's house had been burnt to the ground during the conflict, there was terrible slaughter; but he did not know why the French and English killed each other. Horrible it may have been; it may have been wicked; he can only assure them everybody considers it was glorious:

"'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

V.

In these days we are coming more and more to little Peterkin's way of regarding this matter of war. We are more insistently asking why it should be a necessary evil among rational Christian peoples; what is the use

of it, with its appalling waste of life and money, its nameless brutalities, the weeping, the heartbreak, the desolation that are left in its track, and we grow less and less contented with the reiterated answer of non-combatant professors and philosophers that these are the inevitable ordinary price of glorious victory and that war is a healthful, recurring phase of human progress that is not to be evaded.

We have never been satisfied with this doctrine; it was suspect as long ago as the days of Elizabeth. The pomp and circumstance of war sweeps majestically enough through Shakespeare's historical dramas, and in some of them at times he soars to a poignant ecstasy of martial and patriotic exaltation. Never was love of country clothed in such heart-stirring language as is given to it in the speech of the dying John of Gaunt; and no country has thrown down a more proudly defiant challenge than flashes from the last page of King John:

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror . . .
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true."

Tennyson (1859).

From a painting by G. F. Watts.

"Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Britain in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours."
—Ode on the Death of Wellington.

Photo by Buchner, Sydney. **Arthur H. Adams.**

"Then each shall take with stubborn grip
His rifle as he took his whip,
And when the Flag's unfurled,
The clerk shall drop his futile pen
To lift his well-loved lance—and then
A nation fronts the world!"
—Grant Us One Hour to Arm.

The clarion note of war echoes throughout Henry V., and then, as in our own time, could be said:

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies"—

and now again on the fields of France, but against another enemy, our captains are exhorting their eager followers, as Henry exhorted his before the walls of Harfleur:

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
. . . Teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture . . .
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.
The game's afoot: Follow your spirit!"

Yet in the same play there is a hint of compunction in Exeter's thought for

"the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws";

and it is the same seamy side of glory that is looked upon again in the conversation of the common soldiers, one of whom considers, "If the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place,' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now if these men do not die well it will be a black matter for the king who led them to it."

Here is the innate sanity of civilised man waking to a lucid interval, the still small voice of reason trying to get a hearing amidst the insensate tumult and chaos of battle. It is only when you are beyond the touch of war and can look upon it from a distance of many years that you are able to see any glamour

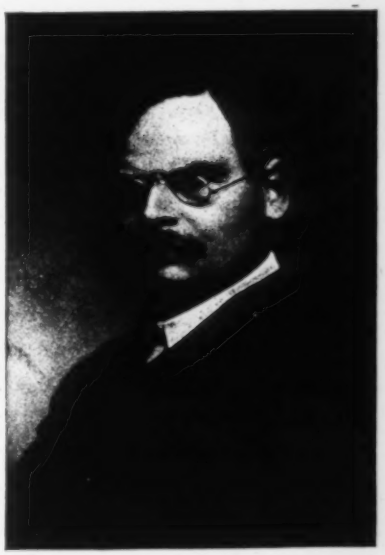


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Wilfred Campbell.**

"Show the way, England!
Let that grim master
Of earth's disaster,
Let the war shadow
But darken the sun—
Trust your child, Canada,
She will be with you."
—The Children.

of romance about it. Byron on the field of Waterloo had no exultant thrill: he saw it but as a "place of skulls," where "the red rain hath made the harvest grow"; and thought of the

"vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,"

that had gone to the making of that Emperor's pride who, as utterly shorn of it all as if he had never possessed it, was then eating his heart out at St. Helena. His withering scorn of the empty folly of the mere conqueror, in the "Ode to Napoleon," and his admiration of America's clean-handed patriot-ruler are things to remember, in this hour when Europe is cursed with a pettier tyrant who is trying to play the part of the dead Napoleonic lion, and betraying himself when he roars.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yet one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
"To make man blush there was but one!".

The grim horrors and shining heroisms of the Crimean War inspire Gerald Massey's "War Waits"; but it is wholly the pitiful side of it, the broken homes, the heartache for the wounded and the dead that moves you in Sydney Dobell's "England in Time of War." For when you aim at the man in battle you are not aiming at him alone. As Longfellow has it, in "Killed at the Ford,"

"I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry."

During the War of North and South that stirred the conscience of America to its depths the Quaker Whittier sorrowed in his poems "In War Time" that a democratic people should have no other than the old-world's barbarous way of settling its differences; saying, as some of us are saying at present:

"The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter, and tears are salt: our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

Thomas Hardy in his study at Max Gate.

Specially taken for The Bookman.

"But -a stirring thrills the air
Like a sound of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled and deliverance offered from the darts that were."
—*The Dynasts.*

Whitman, in his "Drum Taps," strode through America's grim Valley of the Shadow in the robuster spirit that was native to him, looking fearlessly to a future that should bring good out of all the evil; and it was another countryman of Washington's, James Russell Lowell, who raised the great rallying cry of all civilised democracies, insisted on the soldier's personal responsibility, and, in the "Biglow Papers," spoke the plainest truths that have ever been spoken about war and its makers:

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testament fer that . . .
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Gov'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

The same essentially modern note sounds persistently through the realisms and the ironic comment of Thomas Hardy's great epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars, "The Dynasts," and through the sombre "War Poems" that he wrote during the struggle of Britain and Boer. He is oppressed with the tragedy of it all—that "this late age of thought" can only argue in the old bloody mode, and marvels:

"When shall the saner, softer politics,
Whereof we dream, have play in each proud land,
And patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?"

That is the question that is appealing to thinking men once more, and is not lightly to be put by; the one hope in the dark days of the Great War is that its shameful savageries, its unimaginable horrors and woe may shock a civilised world into wisdom at last and, in self-defence, draw its common peoples, of all races and creeds, into a league of universal brotherhood that shall enable them to realise Tennyson's prophetic vision of a day when

"The war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

ÉMILE VERHAEREN: THE POET OF BELGIUM AND OF EUROPE.

By Francis Bickley.

"THE greatest of all French poets, past and present, is Émile Verhaeren," says Mr. Jethro Bithell, who has made some clever versions of Verhaeren's poetry and has just translated Stefan Zweig's brilliant critical study of the poet. It is one of those statements the truth whereof can neither be proven nor finally denied; but in France itself, where the acceptance of Verhaeren at his true value has been but tardy and partial, it would probably be controverted more vigorously than in England, Germany, or Russia. For, though he grew up in ignorance of the Flemish tongue, the poet's nationality is plainly visible in all his work. He is a Latin in nothing but the form of language which he uses. On the other hand he appeals to what Arnold used to call the "German paste" in us no less than in our present enemies; while he has taken the mind of Russian liberalism by storm. That his place is among the very great there can, at all events, be no question.

The names of the places most closely connected with Verhaeren's childhood and youth have lately been made painfully familiar to us. He was born, in 1855, at Saint Amand on the Escaut, in the neighbourhood of Termonde. He got his education from the Jesuits at the College of Sainte Barbe, in Ghent. There Georges Rodenbach was his schoolfellow and intimate; and thither, a few years later, came another couple of boys equally destined to literary fame, Maurice Maeterlinck and Charles van Lerberghe. From Ghent Verhaeren went to the University of Louvain to read for the bar.

The study of law, however, was only a pretext, an alternative to his father's unacceptable project of placing him in an uncle's factory. Literature had already claimed him, and at Louvain, stimulated by congenial fellowship and a course of reading anything but legal, he flung himself with energy into his destined career. He took a leading part in the production of more than one collegiate magazine, which the authorities saw good to suppress, and one day he called, with a bundle of manuscript verse, at the house of Camille Lemonnier, the novelist, to whose generosity and ardour Belgian literature owes even more than to his actual achievement.

Lemonnier must soon have realised that the poems to which he had consented to listen were no common undergraduate outpourings. They were, in fact, those which were to compose Verhaeren's first published volume, "Les Flamandes," and were such as would have arrested the attention of the weariest critic. Violent, sensuous, implacably realistic, they were of the order of poetry which can never be denied a hearing; and though they met with the approval of Lemonnier (himself on more than one occasion the victim of public prudery), their general reception was very much that which, in England nearly twenty years earlier, had been accorded to Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads."

These earliest poems are wrought out of Verhaeren's observations of his boyhood's surroundings and the preoccupations of his youth; vivid, objective pictures of Flemish country life, or praise of the past inspired by his admiration of the virile genius of the old Flemish painters; an admiration which has taken another shape in some fine critical studies. "Les Flamandes" was followed at a three years' interval by "Les Moines," a collection of poems very different in theme but similar in method, the offspring of three weeks spent in retreat at the monastery of Forges, near Chimay.

Verhaeren's work falls into several definite, though organically connected, groups. The first consists of "Les Flamandes" and "Les Moines," which though of an individual stamp show no formal departure from the tradition of French poetry. The three books which form the second group are of very different quality. Briefly, they are the record of a terrible nervous crisis which resulted from the excessive ardour of the poet's first plunge into life. Later, he was to experience the mystic's communion by ecstasy with the heart of life. Now he knew that terrible mystical experience, the dark night of the soul. "Les Soirs." "Les Débacles" and "Les Flambeaux Noirs," are the expressions of an intolerable despair, of horror of life, and of longing only for death or madness. Verhaeren in this phase reminds us of Van Gogh, who is the painter of paroxysms, just as his racial kinsman is the poet of paroxysms. The great difference is that the painter suffered defeat, the poet won through to victory.

Verhaeren came out of this black epoch with an enlarged emotional experience and a new sense of the meaning of life. Henceforth, his poetry was to be one tremendous affirmation, growing in intensity and constantly reinforced by new arguments. He is one of the great positive poets of the world. He has, indeed, many analogies in modern literature. His kinship with Whitman is obvious; he has the large rhetorical manner of Hugo, an early master, and he sometimes reminds us of the young passionate Swinburne who wrote "Hertha" and the "Hymn of Man," though his grip on actuality has always been far firmer than either Hugo's or Swinburne's. To Henley also he bears a superficial resemblance both in his violent yea-saying to life and in his metrical practises; but Henley was essentially a romantic impressionist, Verhaeren a psychologist and a metaphysician.

Zweig frequently compares him with Nietzsche, who is at present under so dark a cloud for the sins of his children; but, whatever else he may be, Verhaeren is a democrat. He believes in the will to power, but dreams of it working through an ever-widening group rather than through the chosen individual. His affirmativeness is too absolute to admit of selection, and boundaries and distinctions are for him things to be annihilated. He is intensely conscious of the unity of life, and of his own identity with its other manifestations. "J'éxiste en tout ce qui m'entoure et me pénetre," he writes, reminding us of the final pronouncement of John Davidson, that "men are the universe become conscious." Perhaps Davidson is nearer akin to Verhaeren than any other contemporary English poet; they resemble one another in a certain metallic quality which the

style of each has caught (it may be) from the industrial machinery which interests them; but in his acceptance of the developments of modern life and his desire for and imaginative vision of a comprehensive order which shall resolve its chaos, the Belgian reminds us most strongly of H. G. Wells. He is no sentimental Luddite who would scrap the inventions of human ingenuity, the evidences of that strenuous development and experiment which are life itself. Man must win to unity by the solvent of understanding, not by restriction on effort. If these adventurous ones sometimes do injustice and violence,

"Ils innovent un droit moins rude et suranné
Qui se tempère, et s'illumine, et s'humanise . . .
Ils représentent ce que la terre a de meilleur."

Action and progress are their own justification:

"C'est l'angoisse, c'est la fureur,
C'est la rage contre l'erreur
C'est la fièvre, qui sont la vie."

This creed of eternal development of an all-embracing synthesis, is set forth in wonderful poetry. The group of books which immediately followed his return to health, "Les Campagnes Hallucinées," and "Les Villes Tentaculaires," have for their theme what sociologists call "the rural exodus." In a series of vivid pictures, which are so intense and simplified as to be symbols rather than portraits, he shows the villages answering to the lure of the towns, and the gross, teeming centres of life which devour the population of the countryside. He does not, however, like most reformers, cry "Back to the land!" Retrogression is a form of negation. But he sees beyond the anarchy to the new order on the birth of which closes his play, "Les Aubes."

To do anything like justice to the final and lordliest phase of Verhaeren's work would be impossible here. One cannot do better than borrow Zweig's summary exposition. "In 'Visages de la Vie,' Verhaeren has extolled the eternal forces: sweetness, joy, force, activity, enthusiasm; in the 'Forces Tumultueuses,' the mysterious dynamics of the union which shows through all the forms of reality; in the 'Multiple Splendeur,' he has sung the ethical part played by admiration, man's happy relationship with things and with himself; in the 'Rythmes Souverains,' finally, he has typified the loftiest ideal."

In these four volumes the poet deals in the broadest generalisations, appearing as the poet not of a country nor even of a continent, but of humanity. Contemporaneously, however, he has not only written some intimate and tender love poetry, inspired by a happy marriage, but also paid his fatherland a beautiful tribute:

"Oh, l'ai-je aimé éperdument
Ce peuple—aimé jusqu'en ses injustices,
Jusqu'en ses crimes, jusqu'en ses vices!
L'ai-je rêvé fier et rugueux, comme un serment,
Ne sentant rien, sinon que j'étais de sa race,
Que sa tristesse était la mienne et que sa face
Me regardait penser, me regardait vouloir,
Sous la lampe, le soir,
Quand je lisais sa gloire en mes livres de classe!

Aussi, lui ai-je, avec ferveur, voué ces vers
Qui le chantent, dans la grandeur ou l'infortune,
Comme la Flandre abaisse ou léve au long des mers
Avec ses sables d'or, sa guirlande de dunes."

And so in the five books of "Toute la Flandre," writing in that *vers libre* which he has gradually developed as the expression of his own violent, enthusiastic temperament, the very rhythm of his soul, he has celebrated the country of his youth, with its dunes and waterways and farmsteads; depicting as in his earliest poems but with a larger sympathy, the life of the Flemish peasant with its hardships and gross appetites; and showing, what is perhaps the surest cause which our shattered Europe has for hope, that it is possible to have sympathies at once national and cosmopolitan.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines of original verse in appreciation of Lord Kitchener.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

We are sending this month, and every month in future, a beautifully engraved BOOKMAN *Certificate to each Prize winner, to each Competitor whose work is printed, and to each of those honourably mentioned who are given the first three places in the list.*

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is awarded to Mr. B. R. M. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

VALOUR OF WOMAN.

Because we stand unharmed within the gate,
And hear the noise of battle surging by,
Because it is our lot to watch and wait,
And, waiting, send our dearest out to die,

Is it a little thing we do, who give
Our kith and kin, our brothers, husbands, sons,
And must ourselves untouched, unwounded live
Whilst they are broken by the roaring guns?

It is our courage that enkindles theirs,
Our strength that holds them steady front and flank,
And where the oriflamme of battle flares
Our souls, in them, go marching rank on rank.

Because we give our dearest to be food
For lyddite, shrapnel, mitrailleuse and shell,
Ungrudging send our very flesh and blood
To over-brim the brimming deeps of hell,

Amid the rattle of artillery,
The clang of steel where sword on sabre jars,
Not they who die, not they alone, but we
Uphold the Flag against the constant stars.

We also select for printing:

SONGS.

I sing of the country,
You sing of the town;
Mine is all the golden-blue,
Yours the dun and brown.

I sing of the woodland,
You sing of the street;
Mine is the music of the birds,
Yours of human feet.

I sing of the silence,
You sing of the din,
I sit waiting for the Muse
You go forth to win.

I sing of the country,
You sing of the town;
To the songs we both sing,
The Lord leans down.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE WORLD'S CHALICE.

As if in His still sanctuary He heard
The distant, rolling drum,
Upon His carven crucifix the dumb,
Stone Jesus stirred.

Stirred, with the everlasting arms outflung
To heal a stricken world,
And, wondering, heard the battle challenge hurled
From every tongue.

Then He Whose tender side was pierced and torn
On newer wounds looked down,
And saw vast hosts in conflict for a crown
That was not thorn.

He for Whom Simon Peter drew the sword
And bidden, put it up,
Beheld again the precious blood outpoured
Into His cup.

"This do"—into His eyes a horror crept—
"In memory of Me."
And, as of old in far-off Bethany,
Christ Jesus wept.

(Vivien Ford, 12, Priory Road, Tyndalls Park, Bristol.)

From the very large number of lyrics received, we also select for honourable mention those by Margaret Postgate (Liverpool), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow, W.), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate, N.), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), A. Glyn Prys-Jones (Walsall), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Lillian Bentham (Indiana), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Martha Boswell (Brevard, U.S.A.), Reginald Grey (Darlington), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Mrs. L. Gordon Lawrie (Colwall), J. P. Davis (Manchester), D. Compton James (Leicester), Eleanor Bull (Salop), Harry Eyden (St. Helens), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon),

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Rudyard Kipling.**

"Who stands if Freedom all?
Who dies if England live?"—*For All we Have and Are.*

Anette Heard (Swanage), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), Mary Ohm (Conway), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), Miss D. M. Rawcliffe (Wigan), C. A. Blakeley (Wallesey), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Alice Wise (Leicester), Fred H. Holland (Port Elizabeth) A. Ellerton (London, W.C.), Evelyn Winterton (S. Hampstead), Gwen Elton (High Barnet), A. L. (Teddington), Vivian de Sola Pinto (Hampstead), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (London, W.), Gladys New (Birkenhead), R. B. J. (West Ealing), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Lois M. Taylor (Alaska), Louise D. Goldsberry (Washington), Thomas A. King (Birmingham), F. J. Popham (Gasstown), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), D. Waterson (Ontario), Frances Bexfield (Audley), Marjorie Owston-Booth (Anerley), Hannah Bellwood (Scarborough), M. F. Watson (Maidstone), Janet W. Kendall (Scarborough), Mary Trevorian (Cirencester), L. A. Talbot (Clydebank).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham, for the following:

GERMAN MEMORIES. By Sidney Whitman. (Heinemann.)

"Them there sossiges."
Wm. Henley, *Culture in the Slums.*

We also select for printing:

THE NOVELIST'S ATTITUDE. Review by Frank Swinnerton.

"I scent which pays the best, and then
Go into it bald-headed."
Lowell, *Biglow Papers.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

MEN AROUND THE KAISER. By Frederic W. Wile. (Heinemann.)

". . . . a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal."
Shakespeare, *King Richard the Third.*

(H. S. Watson, Knapton Rectory, North Walsham.)

III.—The extracts received in justification of War were much more numerous than varied. The same well-known passage from Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives" was sent by fourteen different competitors, and almost as many sent equally well-known lines from Tennyson's "Maud." We award a PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

". . . . government spared no pains to satisfy the nation that though they were to be animated by a desire of glory, glory was not their ultimate object; but that everything dear to them, in religion, in law, in liberty, everything which as freemen, as Englishmen, and as citizens of the great commonwealth of Christendom, they had at heart, was at stake. . . . A danger to avert a danger; a present inconvenience and suffering to prevent a foreseen future and a worse calamity; these are the motives that belong to an animal, who, in his constitution, is at once adventurous and provident; circumspect and daring; whom his Creator has made, as the poet says, 'if large discourse, looking before and after.' But never can a vehement and sustained spirit of fortitude be kindled in a people by a war of calculation. . . . On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price. The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

BURKE, *Regicide Peace I.*

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. R. Johnson, of 45, Argyle Road, West Ealing, W., for the following:

THE END OF HER HONEYMOON. BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has been distinguished always for the artistic subtlety which she applies to sensational plots. Her style, her characterisation, and her atmosphere belong to the best type of emotional analysis: her narrative is melodramatic. Here, for example, the story depends on crime, mystery, detective ingenuity, and strained coincidences. The solution might have escaped Sherlock Holmes. These details are well managed, and therefore interesting. But its *charm* arises from "fine shades" in life-like characterisation; exemplified in her delightful Americans; from the skilfully marked contrasts between national temperaments; and from the emotional development of Mrs. Dampier.

We also select for printing:

GIL BLAS. BY LE SAGE. (Nelson.)

At last we have an edition of this masterpiece within reach of all. How may adventures have been written since Le Sage gave this inimitable mirror of the world to a delighted public, and how few of them have equalled it in vivid portraiture, kindly humour or keen satire. Some of us who are middle-aged and who made the acquaintance of "Gil Blas" in musty calf-bound volumes with quaint letterpress and still quainter woodcuts may be disposed to feel some chagrin at seeing an old friend in a new dress but the clear type and handy size soon dispel our regrets.

(S. Hunter, L.L.A., 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by H. M. Cresswell Payne (St. Austell), W. M. Lodge (Norwood, S.E.), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), John Skitt (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Peggy Grant (Burley, Hants.), Edgar Caton (Leeds), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Eleanor MacGregor (London, S.W.), F. C. Baddeley (Stepaside, Pembrokeshire), Nellie Hill (Ledbury), Florence L. Payne (Bodmin), Edna Smallwood (London, N.), Mrs. F. E. Ashwell Cooke (Buxton), E. L. E. Bosanquet (Bath), Janet W. Kendall (Scarborough), A. C. Grieve (Everton), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), John Gowers (Haverhill), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Marjorie Crosbie, of 4, Victoria Villas, Herne, Kent.

New Books.

THE MUSIC OF OUR ALLIES.*

Germany, we are informed by many Prussian military gentlemen, who, of course, should know, is peculiarly the land of *Kultur*, and Russia the land of *Unkultur*. I glance, as I write, at the wall before me, where hangs a print of Dirk Bouts's "Last Supper," now gone up, like many other beautiful and holy things, in the smoke of Louvain. Louvain, once a city of light, and now the ashy symbol of *Kultur* and all its works, is an outward and visible justification of the instinct that led England to prefer the *Unkultur* of Russia to the *Kultur* of Potsdam, even at the cost of giving pain (as I understand) to those excellent persons, Messrs. Eucken, Hæckel, and Harnack. Yet it is open to discussion whether, after all, *Kultur* (in its best sense) is bounded on the east by Königsberg. I have great respect for Messrs. Eucken, Hæckel, and Harnack, and I would do anything to show it—except read any more of them than the little I know already. Still, respectable as I find that melodiously-named trio, I am not sure that I lose much when I turn from their *Kultur* to the *Unkultur* of Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoievsky; and, I hasten to add (lest this digression should go on for ever), I am not greatly the poorer even when I pass over Germany's contribution to modern music, and listen rather to the song of Russia. Music is certainly the glory of Germany; yet in music, as in most other things, Germany has been living on its capital. It has stood still for half-a-century. It has made no advance since Wagner—the symphonic poems of Strauss being no more than an interesting development of Wagnerism along the lines of Liszt. For music that is really new we have to turn to non-Germans like Ravel and Debussy, Stravinsky and Scriabine. We may not like that new music; we may prefer to hear Brahms saying ditto to the classics, and Strauss saying ditto to the romantics; but there is the fact: the modern pioneers who have tried to strike out new paths in music have not been Germans. The best of them have been Russians.

To find matter for admiration, the timid hearer need not go all the way with the newest men. He need not seek for modern musical beauty solely in such freaks of ironic drama as that moment in Stravinsky's "Nightingale," where the two ambassadors from Japan announce their mission to the Chinese Emperor in a duet compendiously made up of the same tune written in perfect fifths, the effect of which you may try for yourself if you go to the piano, and pick out the notes of "God Save the King" with the right hand in the key of G, and with the left in the key of C, having first started the cat across the keyboard by way of accompaniment. Such oddities are meant to fit into a scheme of satiric drama, and are no more representative of pure music than is Beckmesser's Prize Song; and we need not, I repeat, turn to them for the new note in modern music. That note, that genuine note of something never said before, something interpretative of a people, can be heard very movingly in the work of Moussorgsky, once a dandy officer in the Guards, and later a poor broken wreck, dead at forty-two, after an accomplishment that includes "Boris Godounov," the "Khovantchina," and a number of smaller pieces, all of the highest originality, and all instinct with the mystical and almost disquieting simplicity that spells Russia. In Moussorgsky the soul of a nation was made music, and dwelt among us.

Moussorgsky is another of the many examples of artist, prophet, and reformer in one. Wagner waged war against the artificiality of the old opera formula, and excelled specially in proving with Teutonic verbosity that the kind of thing he knew he could write was the only kind of thing that ought to be written; but in much of his

* "A History of Russian Music." By M. Montague-Nathan. 5s. net. (William Reeves.)

work he merely replaced a lesser theatricality by a greater: he wrote not so much music-drama as super-opera. The composer of "Rienzi" is still to be found in the "Ring." Moussorgsky was a reformer of another sort. He was (in the best sense) a Puritan of music, and his view of art anticipates much that Tolstoy was afterwards to preach. To him, opera was just a bigger kind of folk-song, with the same source of inspiration, and the same austere simplicity of utterance; and the result, so far from being arid, is curiously appealing, both to hearer and performer. Happy the generation that has seen the genius of Moussorgsky set forth by the art of Chaliapine!

Moussorgsky is the Synge of Russian music. He is the central figure of interest in a nationalist movement profitably comparable with the artistic enterprise of the Abbey Theatre. With him in the crusade were joined four others of varying importance. Pray observe the diverse activities of this band. Cæsar Cui was a Lieutenant-General and Professor of Military Engineering; Moussorgsky was in a fashionable regiment; Rimsky-Korsakov was in the Navy; Balakirev was a man of comfortable means; and on the coffin of Borodin, feminist and physician, was placed a silver crown with the incription: "To the founder, protector, and defender of the School of Medicine for Women, to the supporter and friend of the students. From the women doctors qualified between 1872 and 1887." Surely this is the most remarkable quincunx of amateurs to be found in the history of any art!

To the life and work of these composers the present unpretentious volume is not merely an excellent guide: it is the only one. It is not specially well written; it has no felicities of criticism, its strength lying rather in matter of fact; but it is an almost indispensable handbook to what may be called our newest music.

After Moussorgsky, the most interesting of the nationalist school is Rimsky-Korsakov. He, too, is really new to us, for the flashy "Capriccio Espagnol," which was the only piece of his ever played regularly at English concerts, is quite unrepresentative of his art. Unlike Moussorgsky's, his was a discursive and assimilative gift—witness the occasional Tannhäuserism of "Ivan the Terrible," and the outburst of pure Weber at the end of "Nuit de Mai." But with all deductions made, the composer of "Scheherezade" and the "Coq d'Or" is a great man. If there is anywhere a more delicious piece of pure musical burlesque than the triumphal entry of King Dodon and the Queen of Shemakhan I should like to know of it.

Altogether outside the nationalist school is Tchaikovsky, first of all Russian composers to be well known here (for Rubinstein hardly counts), and now cast down from the eminence on which we too hastily put him. We have discovered his sophistications, his not infrequent blatancy, and his rather maudlin and distinctly un-Russian weakness. Our Gallic friends were right about him from the first. The Parisians found Moussorgsky; they found out Tchaikovsky. Our author is rather chilly about him. But we must be careful. We English are such thorough-going fellows. It is all hot or all cold with us. Having began by over-praising Tchaikovsky, we are now proceeding to under-estimate him. The "Pathetic Symphony" has certainly seen its best days; but the composer of "Francesca da Rimini" is not entirely a back number.

Stravinsky of the present generation is still a doubtful quantity, and his "Rossignol," produced since the present volume was written, has simply multiplied the doubts. But of one thing there can be no doubt—that his terse, mordant, ironic style is a new acquisition to music. He makes curious noises sometimes, but he makes exactly the noises a situation requires, and he makes them with the least expenditure of means. Action has never been more precisely and punctually wedded to music than in "Petrouchka"; and the last act of "Le Rossignol" is a masterpiece of terse, penetrating economy of material, delicately-poised effect, and eerie, disquieting suggestiveness. Beside its grim directness certain other modern pieces seem mere sprawling distended rhetoric—a Frith banality beside a Dürer engraving. One piece remains for Stravinsky to write. Richard Strauss in his "Don Quixote" has given us what he calls "Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character." Stravinsky the ironist was born to write another set of variations, a "Carnival de Potsdam," setting forth the ideals and achievements of the ineffable William.

George Sampson.

VITTORIA AND AFTER.*

Here are nine days of hot and valiant fighting by the British soldier with Wellington in the Peninsula. They compare with the opening days of the present campaign, when the same "stubborn valour of the British soldier" was shown in Belgium and the north of France. But Wellington's men fought under disadvantages which their descendants have happily escaped. Clothing, arms, accoutrements all tended to hamper them; and of course no man in the ranks in those days carried a handy little "emergency ration" on which it is possible to subsist for thirty-six hours. But the spirit of the British army (albeit so cruelly disciplined by the lash) was quenchless; and on the whole the Tommies of 1813 seem to have been only less cheerful than those who have told us that "in the thick of it all"—retreating, too!—"we were singing Harry Lauder's latest." As General Beatson says, both officers and men in the Western Pyrenees "considered it a matter of course that, given reasonably equal terms, they would beat the enemy whenever and wherever they met them. This absolute confidence in themselves had its foundation in an equal confidence in their leader."

Yet we know that during phases of this campaign arm-chair critics at home spared no abuse of Wellington. In October of 1812 news had been received of the retreat of his allied army from Burgos. Despite brilliant successes, the campaign had ended with a farther retreat to Portugal, Spain being still in the grip of the French armies. The ministry at home was in danger of collapse, and with it the war in the Peninsula. Wellington was assured that he had no pretensions to command an army. Then came the surprising intelligence of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow. It came, as General Beatson says, in the very nick of time.

"The news gave fresh impetus and strength to the determination to see the war through, which happily filled the majority of Britons of that day. Had the French been victorious in Russia, they could have maintained the war in Spain for years.

* "With Wellington in the Pyrenees. Operations Between the Allied Army and the French from July 25th to August 2nd, 1813." By Brigadier-General F. C. Beatson, C.B. Plans and Illustrations. (Max Goschen.)

The Bridge of Sorauren.

From "With Wellington in the Pyrenees" (Max Goschen).

Perhaps Napoleon himself might have gone there; and if he had, who shall say what the result might have been?"

Would the result have been to dim the glory of Vittoria, which no reflex of fortune *has* dimmed? This was the smashing victory of June 21st, 1813, which freed from French dominion all but the north-east corner of Spain, and had infinitely wider and more important results "in its effect on the negotiations for peace then in progress between Napoleon and the Great Powers."

Napoleon did his utmost to suppress the tidings of Vittoria, but from London they spread rapidly to the Powers and over the Continent. The allies were at once stiffened in their resolution to renew hostilities—suspended by a brief armistice; and the campaign began which was not to end until the great pounding-match of Waterloo was in sight.

Obviously the first thing for Napoleon to do was to improve his command in Spain. King Joseph, his brother, was the merest figure-head, not much better than a duffer. The Emperor put it politely when he said: "Poor Joseph's plans, measures, and combinations are not exactly up to date." Poor Joseph accordingly was shelved. "I have forbidden the King of Spain to interfere in my affairs." The army was forthwith given a new commander, whose task was to retrieve the defeat of the French at Vittoria. The new commander was Soult, Duke of Dalmatia. Born (as was Wellington) in 1769, Soult was at this date in his prime, forty-four years of age; a Marshal of France since 1804; a hard, brave, active soldier with no little administrative talent, and a man whose soldiers had the fullest belief in him.

But Soult had been entrusted with a task scarcely less than impossible. Napoleon had not reckoned with popular feeling in Spain. The whole country was infuriated against him. It was the beginning of the movement of nations which was by and by to drag him down and overwhelm him. The victory of Vittoria had swept beyond the northern frontier of Spain almost the whole of the French host. There remained, in fact, of the troops who had so long held the country in subjection only the beleaguered or besieged garrisons of Pamplona, Santona, and San Sebastian, and the forces under Suchet in the north-eastern provinces, some 60,000 men.

After nine days of almost continuous fighting, the expedition under Soult which was to drive the allies beyond the Ebro showed its leader a loss of more than 13,000 officers and men, killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing; and the morale of the force was gone. Soult said, not very generously, that his troops had given him no proper backing. General Beatson's comment is:

"No, it was not the soldiers' fault that the expedition had failed. The causes of failure must be sought elsewhere, and . . . chief among them were rashness in starting with an insufficiently thought-out plan and with insufficient means, indifferent leading by the commander and some of his highest officers, and an underrating of the enemy's general and his troops."

Wellington was hardly the sort of man whom an opponent could afford to underrate, and the troops he commanded were seasoned veterans who always went into action with the conviction that they were going to win. What Alexander's Macedonians were at Arbela, says Napier, Hannibal's Africans at Cannæ, Cæsar's Romans at Pharsalia, Napoleon's Guards at Austerlitz, such were the British under Wellington at this period. "Six years of uninterrupted war had engrafted on their natural strength and fierceness a confidence which rendered them invincible." And Napier, let us remember, had shared their deeds before he sat down to chronicle them.

"They and their great captain have long since passed away and the times have changed. Many of them lie in nameless graves on the ridges and in the glens of the mountains, and before their task was ended many more were yet to fall in that far corner of fair France whose soil has been so richly watered by the blood of brave men. Around and above them lie the Pyrenees, *monumentum ære perennius*."

General Beatson's book, if a little technical for some of us, is extremely well done.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.*

The history of the *Entente Cordiale* is one of the most remarkable episodes in international relations. It was preceded by a whole series of incidents which created hostility and misunderstanding between the French and English peoples. There was the perpetual problem of the English occupation of Egypt, and this was revived in an acute form by the heroic journey of Marchand to Fashoda ending in his virtual expulsion by the English, an affair which was exactly of the kind to create the storm of national feeling that produces war. The long-drawn agony of the Dreyfus case roused a violent antagonism against the French, which found over-violent expression in England from those writers who forgot that the bravest defenders of Dreyfus, and the noblest servants of justice in his case, were themselves Frenchmen. Then followed the Boer war, in which the sympathies of most Frenchmen were naturally enough enlisted in the cause of two small Republics, and the visit of President Kruger to France, where he received a popular welcome comparable with that of Kossuth or Garibaldi in England. Moreover, France, as a naval and colonial power, touched our Empire in various parts of the world, in Africa and Siam particularly, so that the two nations had a whole portfolio of unsettled and possibly dangerous controversies. Further, she was formally and strongly allied with the great Power which was then regarded as the most powerful and dangerous rival of Great Britain. M. Lavisse, the great French historian, and one of the most influential advocates of a friendly understanding between his nation and the British, writing in 1899, declared that a few years before a war between the two nations would have appeared impossible, but that at that moment such a conflict was most to be feared of all that threatened the world's peace. Yet out of this most grave and critical set of conditions within a year or two there had emerged a warm and friendly understanding between Governments and peoples, which was destined to regulate the alliances of nations in the greatest struggle the world has known. An optimist might well argue that the *Entente* forbids us ever to despair of international friendship and good will.

But this agreement, which historians in the future will probably regard as the decisive diplomatic instrument in the years of preparation for the present war, is remarkable further because it was the result, not of a statesman's Machiavellian scheming, like the *renversement des alliances* of Kaunitz in the eighteenth century, but of the private and individual efforts of a single man. Sir Thomas Barclay devoted himself from the first to the great cause of Anglo-French friendship, and he tells in this book, modestly and sometimes humorously and always with his eye on the actual fact, how he stimulated public opinion and multiplied and magnified its expression with the skill and energy of a born organiser. No one has ever better understood how to pull the wires, and no one has ever pulled wires to greater effect.

"Three elements are essential," he tells us, "apart from choice of a propitious moment, for success in agitation. The one is never to publish to the world an isolated resolution. Several keep each other company and encourage others. Another is never to take anybody into one's confidence during negotiations and expose oneself to the danger of 'hearsay.' And the third is not to ask for funds!"

His book clearly demonstrates that in free countries public opinion shapes the destiny of nations, and that the vast apparatus of the Press, of meetings, resolutions and committees, which seems so futile and so fatiguing to all but the most sanguine and energetic, is sometimes as important even in foreign affairs as the talk of ambassadors within the sacred enclosures of the diplomatic world. No history of the twentieth century will be really complete which omits Sir Thomas Barclay, and there are not many living statesmen of whom that can be said! Of course, he could not have accomplished his task if great forces

* "Thirty Years' Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876–1906)." By Sir Thomas Barclay. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

had not been at work to make it possible and even necessary. He was himself actuated by a profound love for France and by the highest humanitarian motives. The two Governments, which were able to come together because Sir Thomas Barclay had prepared and matured opinion in the two peoples, were influenced by interest as much as by ideals. Great Britain abandoned her old policy of splendid isolation because she was suddenly confronted by the German naval expansion, and France saw in the new friendship an additional guarantee against renewed German aggression, and possibly the ultimate instrument of French revenge. Sir Thomas Barclay was always most anxious to demonstrate that the *Entente* was in no way hostile to Germany, and among the most interesting pages of his book are those which recall how the German Government declared that the interests of Germany were unprejudiced by the new agreement, and how he himself tried to follow his French success by a further *Entente* between England and Germany.

He had shown high qualities of imagination and statesmanship in dealing with the French and British peoples. It was a stroke of genius to begin by reviving the old traditions of Franco-Scottish alliance, and further to seize upon the Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States as the precedent for an agreement which should secure friendship without formal alliance. Thus the Treaty that was frustrated by the American Senate bore rich fruit in Europe. The movement was fairly launched by Sir Thomas Barclay's speech to the French Arbitration Society in March, 1901. Owing to a great snow-storm only about ten people assembled to hear this address, but Sir Thomas left the MS. with the *Figaro*.

"The next day no one was more astonished than I to see it appear with flaming head-lines as the first columns of the first page. The impression produced was as if thousands had attended the meeting, as if I had been carried off my feet by an acclaiming and enthusiastic multitude. Our poor little meeting in the basement of the *Mairie* became historic! I had scored owing to the luck of good causes which make effort and imagination worth while."

The good cause prospered greatly in the outer world, but when it passed from the street to the Chancellery, no progress was made until after Lord Salisbury resigned the Premiership. He belonged to an older world.

"A diplomatic inquiry resulted in one of those ironical, half-jocular *fins-de-non-recevoir* of the late Lord which made further discussion impossible. His answer, while jovial in tone, was as laconic as it was emphatic. 'C'est de l'utopie!' and there the matter ended. M. Delcassé repeated the answer to me as a proof of the hopelessness of trying to conciliate England."

Under Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne events moved with great rapidity, and M. Delcassé was able to suggest the exact formula for an Arbitration Treaty which was signed on October 14th, 1903. The great task of Sir Thomas Barclay was accomplished, but its results were not perhaps so conducive to world-peace as he had hoped and believed. His book is a valuable record and it is enriched by many stories and sketches of the men, from Gambetta to Delcassé, who have preserved the French Republic, and built up the new France from the ruins of the second Empire.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

THE TRAGIC HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.*

Since the Countess Zanardi Landi wrote "The Secret of an Empress," the Royal House of Austria has come within measurable distance of extinction, and whether she makes good her claim to being a daughter of the late Empress of Austria seems of less consequence than it might have been

* "The Secret of an Empress." By Countess Zanardi Landi. (Cassell.)

The Countess and her children.

From "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zanardi Landi (Cassell).

a few months ago. She presents a baffling case, and her strange story is full of interest; but the average human being, living an unpretentious, natural life outside all the nonsensically extravagant ceremony that appears to hedge the Hapsburg family will not be instantly convinced by the Countess's reasonings. She explains that her mother, the late Empress, in accordance with the strict formalities of the Court, was not permitted to live in intimate relations with her children; she had no voice in their training, was not allowed to select the persons who were to be about them. This was the settled practice of the Court; she was to be kept "constantly on a pedestal above the rest of the world"; the Emperor being elevated on an even higher pedestal above her, and the kindly mortal habit of mingling with their own offspring was denied to them as too far beneath their astonishing dignity. Thus the Countess, who goes on to say that the Empress rebelled against these restrictions:

"When she would have surrounded her children with her care and interest they were torn away from her, one to be made wretched and finally destroyed, the others to be reduced to mediocrity. At last, finding how she had been deceived in her hopes about her fourth-born child, Marie-Valerie, she resolved that for once she would have her own way, and that at any rate one of her family should be as she had wished them all to be. That is why I was brought up as I was, away from the Court."

As an infant, the Countess was handed over to foster-parents of good family who lived in Vienna. The Empress's dressmaker had her rooms on the first floor of their house, and so she had facilities for visiting her child without attracting any public notice. The Countess stayed with her mother from time to time at Lainz and elsewhere, but though at six years of age she learned that this lady was

her mother, it was only by accident she found out a few years later that her mother was the Empress. Withal, as she says, there remains the question: Why does the Emperor Francis Joseph refuse to recognise her? "All I can say is that I do not believe that it is the Emperor Francis Joseph who himself refuses. It is the Court of Vienna that looks upon me as dangerous," because "having been brought up by my mother in the free and broad-minded ideas of modern education, I must, I suppose, be regarded as a menace to the traditions of the Imperial House, and therefore recognition must be absolutely denied me."

It seems an odd sort of reason, but perhaps it is only that these high matters are beyond a plain man's comprehension. More vividly sensational is the account given of the tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolph—the Countess is convinced that he was murdered; and of the mysterious drowning of Ludwig of Bavaria, who was always held by the Empress to be perfectly sane, though the world at large has pretty generally accepted the official word for it that he was mad. There has been a lingering doubt about it in the minds of a minority, and that doubt may be strengthened by the statements in this book. The fourteen photogravure illustrations are excellently done, and add considerably to the interest of a curiously interesting volume.

SERBIAN FOLK TALES.*

The preface to this beautiful book is dated from Belgrade on June 28th of the present year—the day before the double tragedy of Sarajevo, which, as a consequence of Austria's attack on Serbia, was to precipitate the world-struggle between Teuton and Slav. At a time when the Serbians are courageously repulsing their truculent neighbour on the other side of the Danube, and are winning fresh admiration from those who are taking part in the same mighty contest on the west, north, and east, a book such as this should serve the very useful purpose of making British readers realise that the Serbians, if a nation of soldiers are also a nation of poets. Mr. Petrovitch points out that the Serbs are indeed the most spontaneously poetic of all the Slavic peoples, possessing to a remarkable extent an exceptional national gift for composing heroic ballads. They seem to retain something of that gift which made the harper an honoured guest in the old time halls of this country, for it is said that scarcely had the events of the recent Balkan War happened than they were being sung and passed on in oral form to become part of that great body of truly national literature of which this fascinating volume is a fine indication. The tales and legends which the author has chosen to render here in prose are many of them peculiarly national, presenting incidents in the marvellous career of such heroes as the unconquerable Prince Marco, while others are but variants of legends that in one form or another seem part of the inheritance of all branches of the great Aryan family. All are given with so much skill in the rendering, that the work is a very notable addition to our collections of national tales, one to interest the student of folklore and to fascinate those who delight in the marvellous. In the "Veela" and "Zmay" of Serbian tales we have creatures peculiar and distinct from the more familiar fairies and dragons of our own stories.

In his introductory words Mr. Petrovitch points out that "the English language is the only one which, instead of the correct forms 'Serbian,' 'Serbia,' uses the solecism 'Servia' etc. Suggesting a false derivation from the Latin root which furnished the English words 'serf,' 'servant,' 'servitude,' this corrupted form is, of course, extremely offensive to the people to whom it is applied and should be abandoned." The volume is beautifully illustrated with coloured drawings by Messrs. William Sewill and Gilbert James.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Hero-Tales and Legends of the Serbians." By Woislav M. Petrovitch. With a Preface by Chedo Miyatovich. 15s. net. (George G. Harrap & Co.)

THE GREEN ROADS OF ENGLAND.*

Mr. Hippisley Cox's book is a welcome addition to the literature of roads. It is wonderful how very small that literature is; for almost nothing on the philosophy and natural history of roads has been written. You look in the Encyclopædia and find articles on Roman roads and on modern road construction, but hardly anything more. And in particular, little has been written yet about roads in their most interesting stage, that is to say before they were planned from beginning to end by people like the Romans, who made roads for a definite purpose and had resources without end for doing so. Mr. Belloc stands almost alone as one who could from looking at a piece of country or a map, give an interesting conjecture as to where the roads would go. At least, he was almost the only writer who had given evidence of this ability or laid claim to it. But now Mr. Cox comes forward with a book founded upon a life's travelling on the oldest roads in England. Originally, perhaps, the travel was for the sport and pleasure, and never to make a book. As a book, in fact, "The Green Roads of England," is not skilful or ingenious, for it takes a dozen similar roads in the South of England, and traces them one after the other, without developing any view or picking up new interests. Some of the description might have been sacrificed to a fuller use of larger scale maps, and some of the plans of ancient camps we could do without. But Mr. Cox has views: above all, he believes that the ancient roads, running by or near these camps all over the hills and higher land, were constructed more or less consciously to connect the camps, and formed parts of a great system having Avebury for its centre. Many of the roads, however, are of the very oldest kind, often winding extravagantly, as the lie and quality of the land suit them, and with small or no consideration of any distant object, although two or three or more of them combined will take a man from anywhere to anywhere. And Mr. Cox can hardly show that the camps are earlier than the roads or contemporary with the combination of separate, perhaps tribal, sections. Nevertheless, the view is one that must be considered, and that out of doors. To argue with Mr. Cox along the Harrow Way, Ridge Way, Icknield Way, or any of their subordinate roads, would be a fine outdoor sport for a summer month, and his book will have succeeded if it persuades a few to this argument. It deserves to do so. For it bears marks everywhere of experience, of enthusiasm, of curiosity. It brings the old roads, particularly those on the chalk, vividly before the mind and the eye—the green river of daisies and dark turf winding over the undulations, the fan of white scars at a steep descent. Mr. Cox is no mere archæologist. He likes the road for the road's sake, to begin with. Thus, it is to be hoped that he will enlist the services of new road philosophers, and awaken the sense of the lie of the land, of the personalities of roads, which must be sleeping in many tourists. He has added almost a new charm and interest to the Chilterns, the Downs, Salisbury Main and the Mendips. He has perhaps invented a new and never ending game, for if one of these roads take you to the sea it is only for a short passage, and you have before you the task of hitting upon the port opposite and the continuation in Wales or France. You may travel round the world on these roads, though you need more than a purse to do it with.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE THIRD EARL STANHOPE.†

Now that "The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope" has at length been given to the world, it would be easy to say that the book tells us a good deal about Stanhope the politician, quite enough about Stanhope the man of

*"The Green Roads of England." By R. Hippisley Cox. With 24 Illustrations by W. W. Collins, and 8 Maps in Colour, and 87 Plans. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

† "The Life of Charles, Third Earl of Stanhope." By G. P. Gooch and Miss Ghita Stanhope. 10s. net. (Longmans.)

science and inventor, and next to nothing about Stanhope the man. But this line of criticism would, after all, be scarcely fair; for—to put the matter quite bluntly—Stanhope the man appears never to have had a chance of existing. It seems to have been largely a matter of education. William Pitt the younger was trained by his father to be a statesman. Charles James Fox was trained by his father to be a libertine. Lord Mahon was trained by his father to be a prig and a Puritan. But whereas Pitt managed to survive the education he received, thanks to his native caution and coldness; whereas Fox was too big-brained and big-hearted a man to wallow for any length of time in the sty of sensuality, Stanhope, reared in the Spartan simplicity of morals and of manners that prevailed in the little republic of Geneva, retained till the last days of his life that uncompromising and impossible rigidity of principle that characterises the politics of the schoolboy. Taught by professors, instead of being sent to a public school, Mahon returned to England in 1774 with a very lofty contempt for the young men of his own rank and years. In an age in which his brother-in-law Pitt was ridiculed for his clean living, and described as "the virgin boy," in which so austere a moralist as Dr. Johnson could be persuaded to dine at the same table with an infamous scoundrel like Wilkes, so stiff and unaccommodating a public man as Stanhope was doomed to failure. A man so ungenial and non-human was, of course, temperamentally antipathetic to politicians of the Sheridan and Thurlow breed, politicians who, if they were inclined to be flunkeys, were at least warm-blooded animals. But on what common ground could Stanhope have expected to meet *any* of the men of his period? For women, for the Turf, and for the theatre he cared nothing. Drinking, betting, gambling had no attractions for him. To his clothes he never gave a thought, and he always refused to powder his hair. Finally, unlike Fox and Erskine, he was interested neither in the classics, in pictures, nor in *belles lettres*. While, as if he were not sufficiently hampered by this abstinence from the more human virtues and vices, all his life long he was rendered incapable of co-operating for public ends with other men by that hatred of compromise, that lack of a sense of proportion, that absurd idea of his own importance, that reluctance to use means to attain ends which a public school education would have knocked out of him. Moreover, like so many acrimonious men who champion liberty in the forum—and he consistently supported all the Liberal causes, from Reform and the French Revolution to relief of Roman Catholic disabilities and opposition to the Union—Stanhope, true Puritan that he was, was not above playing the domestic tyrant. His end was miserable without being pathetic. His sons and his daughters all left him. His (second) wife ran away from him. And he spent the last two or three years of his life in the company of his mistress, Mrs. Lackner, his food and drink never costing him more than an annual expense of £75. It only remains to add that this very interesting "Life" of one of the ablest and certainly the most disinterested of eighteenth-century politicians is the joint work of Mr. G. P. Gooch and of the late Miss Ghita Stanhope, the "Citizen's" great-great-granddaughter.

HERE AND THERE AFLOAT.

We cannot tell whether or not this novel[1] was intended to be a sort of disciple of "Pêcheur d'Islande"—"a sort of disciple," because, as things novelistic, racial, etc., go, imitation of this kind is bound to linger some way behind the original; and in this case the follower might do well to keep away from the prototype, on one count. In spite of the condemnation that may be called down by this avowal, and of the real genius of Pierre Loti's simple and true tragedy—realistic in the very best sense of the word—the construction is far from being satisfactory, because of the abrupt way in which the scene changes repeatedly from France to Iceland, back again, and elsewhere about the world. And in continuity of scene and action "Deep Sea" (which is certainly not the right title for this book) is an improvement on the French masterpiece, to whose author it is inscribed. An improvement on a masterpiece? This is heaping Ossa upon Pelion, or painting the lily—whichever you prefer—with a vengeance. Yes, but only in one of the less necessary things that go to make a piece of really creative fiction. Where Mr. Brett Young gains in cohesion, for the simple reason that his story moves in one scene (a Cornish fishing port), he loses, alas! in fundamental grip—in the power to put before us a section of crude life, drawn broadly yet completely, with that simplicity, vigour, directness of story, photographic reality of characters and scenes, and that personal detachment, which makes "Pêcheur d'Islande," "Paul and Virginia," and other such books, what they are.

Yet when all this is said, "Deep Sea" is not much inferior to its French forerunner. Its scenes are generally as vivid, although they are painted in with much more detail than Loti gives. As we read, we see the stricken Jeffery on his couch by the window, looking down on the busy fish-market (where he had been wont to move and buy and gossip), all as clearly as with physical eyes. It is a living, moving scene on the harbour-side, with the little town of stone houses clinging to the steep slope of the hill above, like monstrous, grey crabs. We know his character by his comments on the market, his neighbours, etc., as we do that of the poor weakling, Ruth, by the way she goes to and fro and looks about. As for Mrs. Kenar (Jeffery's wife, who has taken to his fish-hawking with a cart in the country), we do not need to be told that she has in her veins some of the Spanish blood that is supposed to have been left on the south-west coast by seamen from the prizes taken out of the Armada. Vivid yet real as life—she is to the story what a red, irregular streak would be in a fabric of drabs and greys, except that she is of a piece with it, and there lies some of Mr. Brett Young's remarkable talent. Reuben, the fisherman, and some of the others are alive; but they are not clearly defined, except Mr. Silley, who is compounded all of flesh and blood and sufficient of their by-products to make him red and human. If any reader wishes to know what life is in a Cornish fishing village, let him get this book.

In Mr. Wallace's story[2] we have a phase of the existence of men who fish in really deep water. This time it is the Bay of Fundy and the Banks of Newfoundland, and the vernacular is that of western Nova Scotia, as strong as it is rugged and uncouth. Here the Colonial writer could have benefited considerably by copying Mr. Brett Young. The latter, while giving us a strong flavour of Cornish dialect, has spared us from its worst features; but Mr. Wallace has gone the whole hog. In treatment he is a sort of romantic realist. The language, characters, doings, etc., are all as real as life itself is there to-day; but Frank Westhaver's career, from his smoking plug-tobacco as a boy and driving an ox into the school during lessons, to rescuing Lillian Denton in a gale on the Banks, his success as a skipper and as an organiser in the fishing industry, and his winning of Lillian are of the weft and woof of romance. As a piece of actuality, with the hard grip of life marking it from end to end, therefore as a piece of art, it is far behind Mr. Brett Young's book; but as a story it is certainly the better of the two. Its ocean happenings are vivid, indeed, and move pretty frequently to the organ-roll of a north-west gale; they make us feel that we are truly at sea (a feature that seems to lie beyond Mr. Brett Young's powers), in all the welter of wind and spume, torn canvas and striving men.

Of "Bartimeus's" sketches[3] of naval life we have not space to say much, nor is there need to. The fact that nineteen out of the twenty-five have been published in first-class periodicals—mainly the *Pall Mall Gazette*—is

[1] "Deep Sea." By Francis Brett Young. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

[2] "Blue Water: A Tale of the Deep Sea Fishermen." By F. William Wallace. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[3] "Naval Occasions." By "Bartimeus." 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

sufficient warrant that if they be not literature they are, at least, excellent bits of journalism, mostly of the light variety. They make capital reading—for an odd hour they could hardly be bettered; in addition to which they have the value of being truly of the Navy as the "Elder Service" is to-day.

J. E. PATTERSON.

MODERN ITALY.*

Miss Zimmern's book has in eight years run into a fifth edition, and it certainly is a volume which deserves success. We have long ago ceased to dream of Italy as a land of art alone; anyone who has travelled in the northern part of it will bear witness to the industrial activity, and yet the north is also the home of Marinetti and his futurist friends, whom Miss Zimmern passes over. She might, perhaps, devote in the next edition a little more attention to Italy's foreign relations, seeing that Africa, Austria and Albania have so great an effect, directly or indirectly, upon the whole of her affairs. It would have been instructive to show a photograph of one of the frontiers opening on to her ally Austria: no frontiers are so strongly fortified. A good deal of space is given in this book to the consideration of the various arts, to politics, philosophy and agriculture; but, of course, within one small volume of 300 odd pages, it would be impossible to more than glance at many things which ought to be treated in detail. For those who know Italy this book will be rather superfluous, but for those who, before going there, would like to acquire a trustworthy general knowledge, it may be recommended. In the next edition we would advise Miss Zimmern not to say that our lawn-tennis is derived from the Italian game of pallone. "Few spectators," she says, "of the modern game of lawn-tennis know whence we derive our chalked lines, the central net, the graceful gestures, the rapid strokes." Let her go to Queen's Club and watch the parent game of real tennis. Pallone is much more like pelote, and is played with a cylindrical wooden glove instead of with a fin-like basket.

Apparently Mr. Egerton R. Williams, Jr., is an American who is very devoted to Italy, and has already written several books on various parts of the country. There is no reason why he should not continue; his books are quite helpful in pointing out what is pointed out by Baedeker and others, and since Mr. Williams makes no attempt to clothe his observations in literary style, but simply says what he has to say, he at all events does not offend us. But if he goes as far as Mantua, why leave out Brescia, which is a place of delight, and why in a book of this kind pay scarcely any attention to the people? A town is not made by architecture alone. One thinks wistfully of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's book, "In Tuscany," and of the natives of all these Lombard towns who are kept back from us. What gives Mr. Williams's book some value are his frequent quotations from authoritative persons; he himself does not appear to have any exciting opinions. His book is not nearly as good as those of Mr. Edward Hutton, but he evidently enjoyed himself when he composed it—it reads like a diary kept from day to day—and it requires a certain amount of self-control to travel in Italy and not to write about it.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MINE OWN: A BUNDLE OF ESSAYS.†

Some of Mr. Clark's charming little essays are about boys, chiefly from the standpoint of one who has to teach them. He believes strongly in the Boy-Scout movement for example, and he has a sensible essay on "The Teaching of History," which ought to be read by all whose business it is to teach history in schools. The discussion of books, subjects, and methods is written from experience. But, as Mr. Clark admits, in teaching history or anything, the dominant factor is personality, not method. "We should labour to keep abreast of the important research-work of our day, for when once we slacken off we shall become dull. We want a vivid imagination, that will breathe warm radiant life into still flesh, and we shall find that imagination will be kindled by foreign travel, and by thought, and by concentration. But, more than all, we need to know our boys, and to come down from our desks among them. We want to keep human; we want desperately badly to keep young, or we shall never be teachers of history." Mr. Clark urges the need of teachers taking their work seriously. "Urges" is too rough and didactic a term, perhaps. Let us say "expounds." For some of his essays are semi-dialogues or sketches. And when he upholds the dignity of his profession, it is in a human, natural way. He keeps before him the end of teaching, which is not cramming for examinations, but the formation of character during the period of adolescence. If teachers were imbued with the spirit of this little book, the results of our schools would be more satisfactory to parent and to the State. Mr. Clark, however, has other interests—art especially. He is fond of fishing, but evidently as it affords an excuse for being lazy; as an angler, therefore, he does not come into the picture. But the essays on art show a sympathy and an intelligence which are not very common. That upon Botticelli is based on M. Diehl's biographical study. Mr. Clark modestly hopes it will "induce others to journey, with M. Diehl as guide, to the Botticelli room in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, hard by the Palazzo Vecchio, and the old, shop-covered bridge over the yellow Arno." The religious side is not forced, neither is it checked. It is there, and present generally with a sort of artistic fitness. A small book of essays is, in some respects, as difficult to review as an encyclopædia volume. But the single test which it is fair to apply to it is: Does it produce the impression of personality? Does it present its items as personal estimates of truth and fact? Mr. Clark's little essays meet this test. They are his own, evidently the product of his own experience and observation.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

STRINDBERG YET AGAIN.*

"Fair Haven and Foul Strand" is a book of three stories about the fair haven of love and the foul strand of marriage. In the first two of them (which constitute 213 of the whole 243 pages) there is as obvious an autobiographical basis as in anything Strindberg ever wrote. They go the usual way of Strindberg's love stories—passionate devotion (mixed with a shrewd suspicion that the beloved lady is a very inferior person), marriage, hideous disillusionment. It is all very curious, rather unreal, and rather fatiguing. If ever there was a wise man who was a fool that man surely was Strindberg. His misery is graphically depicted—but, then, were the ladies really so very happy . . . ?

The volume of "Plays" is the fourth in Mr. Palmer's collection. It consists of "Swanwhite," "Advent," "The Storm." "Swanwhite" is Strindberg in a fanciful, romantic, and tender mood. The mediæval stone castle, the Duke, the wicked stepmother, the Prince, the good and lovely Swanwhite, and the angry sea—these are the ingredients of this play of magic and symbolic atmosphere. "Advent" has already been reviewed in THE BOOKMAN (September, 1913). It is an incoherent, dreary mystery play, whose meaning, deep though it *may* be, appears at first reading no better than nonsense. "The Storm" is a play of the present time. The relations between a divorced wife and husband make a typical Strindbergian

* "Italy of the Italians." By Helen Zimmern. 6s. net. (Pitman.)—"Lombard Towns of Italy." By Egerton R. Williams, Jun. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

† "Mine Own: A Bundle of Essays." By Arthur J. Clark, M.A. 5s. net. (Robert Scott.)

* "Fair Haven and Foul Strand." By August Strindberg. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Plays." Vol. IV. By August Strindberg. Translated by E. and W. Oland. 3s. 6d. net. (Palmer.)

situation, and the play can be read with some interest. In it is one of the few instances (presumably) in Strindberg in which a man does really dominate the situation, and is not shaken by the first smile of the serpent.

The amount of Strindberg's output was colossal, but let us still hope that the translators will show a little mercy. His talents were various, but his outlook was terribly monotonous. Moreover, the very acuteness of his insight had a tinge of madness about it, and he was a man plunged in the whirlpool of *idées fixe*. A remarkable and unhealthy mind (not wantonly, but inevitably, naturally)—that will be the final verdict on Strindberg. He will never count amongst the really great masters.

Richard Curle.

Miss Jane Findlater. **Miss Mary Findlater.**

From a portrait by Lady Jane Lindsay.

Novel Notes.

KING JACK: THE LOVE STORY OF A MOST ENGAGING OUTLAW. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It certainly is a most engaging outlaw whom Mr. Keighley Snowden has taken as the central figure of his new story, an outlaw who will win the admiration and sympathy of all who do not find their whole gospel comprised between the preamble and closing clause of the Preservation of Game Acts. The period is that of the 'thirties of last century, and the scene is Nidderdale, one of those Yorkshire districts the country and people of which Mr. Snowden has so often presented with rare skill in other novels. Jack Sincler—to give him the name by which he won the love of his fellows and the admiration of some of those gentry who wickedly went against their own caste in winking at his iniquities—was a born "open-air" man, and one who strongly resented the legislation which preserved to all "game" the privilege of being slain by the landed gentry. He was, furthermore, an unbeatable runner, and possessed a perfect genius in the resourcefulness of daring, whether such had to be shown in making good his escape from pursuit on the moors, in rescuing his great "slammock" of a brother from the constable's hands, or in getting out of a cottage besieged by his would-be captors, to hint at but three of the episodes. Such hint may perhaps suffice to suggest that Mr. Snowden's story is not lacking in action and incident, but it must be said also that it is full of individuality and character, making us acquainted with some well-diversified Yorkshire folks, from the genial parson with his appreciation of "King Jack's" quality, to the rhyming "knapper" of stones by the wayside who sings in rude, forceful voice of the exploits of the "Sincler" brothers, or from the otter-hunting Lady Anne Bellerby to the engaging village schoolmaster who is buoyed up by the hope that he may have the training of some future John Hampden. And these people are presented with a naturalness which is the result of true art on the part of the novelist, who is particularly happy in rendering the vigorous mother-wit of his country people.

TENTS OF A NIGHT. By Mary Findlater. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"But we are often made to feel that our affections are but Tents of a Night. . . . There are moments when the affections rule and absorb us, and make our happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again—its over arching vault bright with galaxies of immutable lights."—*Emerson.*

This is the keynote of Miss Findlater's delightful new book concerning Anne Hepburn and her summer in Brittany. Unhappy Anne views life with discontented, ultra-critical eyes, and so well is her mood described that we find ourselves viewing life in Brittany through grey-coloured spectacles in sympathy with her; we can almost smell the stale, omelet-haunted boarding-houses; see the dreary, dull "sights" that Anne sees on her tour. Then comes Anne's awakening—she does not fall in love (she has already done that and been disappointed) she falls *out* of love—and the world is fresh and sweet again. And she discovers that her life, which she almost loses in some quicksand, is of value to her. Her point of view shifts, and she picks up her rose-coloured spectacles. We have no sooner done the same, in sympathy with her, than the story ends, and leaves us wanting another book about Anne in which we shall again meet her and Barbara Lennox, who is the most fresh and charming "flapper" it has ever been our luck to meet with. Barbara, unspoilt, clear-eyed, sincere, "she had somehow escaped all the bad points of her generation, and accentuated the good ones. Anne thought she seemed a perfect embodiment of a new spirit—a spirit that had barely come into existence, even ten years before, when she had been the age Barbara was now. Her uncramped limbs . . . her free, swift movements, her look of being perfectly able to take care of herself, were all indications of the same thing. Even her candid, almost brusque way of speaking of her elders differed from the way in which Anne had been brought up." "How odd," Anne thought, "that ten years difference in time should have given such a different start. I view the world from quite another angle." If the clear fresh spirit of Barbara could creep into many of our modern books, how much better the books would be. Miss Findlater is to be congratulated.

THE WALL OF PARTITION. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (Putnam.)

Mrs. Barclay has chosen a popular author for the central figure of her new novel; and around him she has woven a pleasant, romantic story, in which the partition wall of a flat near Regent's Park plays a leading rôle. Rodney Steele, for that is the author's name, returns to England, after ten years travelling abroad, to find everyone talking about his latest book, "The Great Divide," which he has published under a *nom de plume* as it contains some personal history; it is, in fact, the account of a great tragedy which came into his life ten years back. Critics in reviewing "The Great Divide" declare that the chief incident

is not true to life; Rodney knows that it is only too true, and has spoilt his. Then—he discovers that, after all, it was not quite true: he had not known one important fact in the tragedy. How he discovers this fact (and, incidentally, is obliged to side with the critics), and what happens afterwards, make an interesting story, written in Mrs. Barclay's usual charming and easy fashion. The characters are drawn with care and skill. Mrs. Barclay works mostly to touch our emotions, but the story has its lighter side, and comedy and tragedy follow quickly on each other's heels. There is plenty of love interest in the book, plenty of whimsical fancy, and plenty of healthy, wholesome, moral teaching.

KERNO: A Stone. By Tarella Quin. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Kerno is the name of the distant sheep-farm whence Wynne Holland, the elegant Melbourne lawyer, drew a more than comfortable income without troubling himself in the least as to the men who ran it for him. The even tenor of his way was broken by Judith Acton, who, fleeing from a brutal husband, sought rest and peace at distant Kerno. It is a far cry from the ballroom to the bush, and the author makes effective use of this dramatic contrast of scene. Both the beauty and the terror of the wilds are finely depicted, and we no not remember having read a more engrossing and convincing account of the everyday life in that back-of-beyond. There is not a character in this story that is not vital, and the author has cleverly depicted how they were variously affected and moulded by their lonely environment. Wynne Holland renounces his city career for the woman he loves, and gallantly, but too late, endeavours to take up his neglected inheritance. One of the best characters in the story is the misanthropic old book-keeper, Wilkie, whose cynicism is finally routed by the delightful child, Margaret, the daughter of Wynne and Judith, who, unlike her parents, responds to her surroundings with every fibre of her being. The call of the city was destined to prove too strong for Wynne Holland, but he escaped from Kerno only to die. The major love-story could only have had a sombre ending, but Judith found recompense in the greater happiness of Margaret and her lover.

JETSAM. By Victor Bridges. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

We believe that with "The Man from Nowhere" Mr. Victor Bridges made one of the great successes of last year, and we have no doubt that many of his admirers will be glad of the collection of short stories—twenty-one in all—which he has made in "Jetsam," while they are waiting for his next novel. The stories in "Jetsam" are of three kinds, the melodramatic, the humorous, and the love-story, and it is in the first of these that Mr. Bridges shows to most advantage on the whole. "The Later Edition," for instance, is an intriguing and very well-managed tale, and the last of the collection, "The Understudy," is one of the best worth reading. Facility and invention are the distinguishing characteristics of the numerous love-stories in "Jetsam," and the humour which underlies nearly all the tales, though unequal, finds its best examples in "The Ordeal by Water" and "His Reverence," both of which are really funny. In every way "Jetsam" is a readable and attractive volume, and one that shows Mr. Bridges' freshness and versatility at their best.

LOVERS IN EXILE. By the Author of "The Letters that Never Reached Him." 6s. (Nash.)

"Lovers in Exile" is a book that comes opportunely, for though in the main it is a love story, German diplomacy forms a strong and well-developed secondary interest, Ilse, the heroine, contracts a loveless marriage with a Prussian of an old and primitively old-fashioned family. She soon finds that life with Theophilus von Zehren entails the complete destruction of her individuality, and though she has not a strong character, Ilse is intelligent and broad-minded. It is not especially difficult to get a divorce in Germany, but Ilse holds back until she has given her heart irrevocably to Wolf von Walden, a young diplomatist, to whom she is quickly married. The remainder of the book describes the diplomatic experiences of the two, their struggle against unfriendly interests in Berlin (controlled by the von Zehrens), and their temporary success. But in the end von Walden is made the scapegoat for a serious diplomatic error—thereby somewhat resembling another and more distinguished German in recent history—and his career is ended. The book is admirably written, the character of the heroine in particular being skilfully and sympathetically presented. It also gives the reader a vivid picture of the life of two very different types of the German aristocracy, and in every way it is a book which is well worthy of attention.

THE GATE OF ENGLAND. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A sparkling romance, this, of the great days of Drake, written with a fine appreciation of the wholesome patriotism and sturdy spirit of the men who formed Elizabeth's "sure shield" in that critical period of English history. Mr. Morice Gerard knows well, none better, how to utilise all the spectacular and formidable elements of Elizabeth's court; nobles, statesmen, sea-captains, and papal spies are made to live again in these glowing pages. Christopher Stone, of the Queen's bodyguard, has the good fortune to ward off an attack on the life of his royal mistress, and his reward is to be sent on a secret mission to Dunkirk to ascertain particulars of the Duke of Parma's forces, and of the boats preparing for the threatened invasion. His companion on this perilous enterprise is a red-haired piratical sea-captain, whose cunning, as well as his good ship the *Golden Hind*, and his longsighted mate Moses, is considered indispensable to the success of the expedition. Victims of a base betrayal, Christopher and his red-haired ally fall into the Duke's clutches, and the instruments of torture are about to claim them when—the reader who remembers Drake and Cadiz may hazard a guess at the sequel, which is a happy one, and ends in a lover's meeting.

THE GREENSTONE DOOR. By William Satchell. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Open it and you pass through into the land of the Maoris, participate in thrilling adventures, and gain a splendid idea of what New Zealand was like in the pioneering days under the Governorship of Sir George Grey. The story of Cedric Tregarthen begins when his father is killed by Te Waharoa at the sack of the Te Kuma pa. Men, women, and children were slain, and Tregarthen was the last to die, his death wounds being gained by his own fury. The small child is rescued from the bush by Wake the missionary and Purcell the trader, on their way to beg the conqueror to spare the captives and to refrain from giving the bodies of the killed to the ovens. In the camp of the chief Purcell has to fight for the boy, who in the end is adopted as The Little Finger of Te Waharoa. Cedric grows up with Purcell, his Maori wife Roma, and their daughter Puti-Huia, at the trading-station on the Waipa River. Maori folk-lore, witchcraft, and customs are woven into the various chapters, which clearly show the events leading up to the last war. When the conflict comes Purcell fights with the natives, takes part in the last stand, sees his daughter and her lover Rangiora shot, is captured and executed to satisfy another traders vengeance. Cedric, forced to act as interpreter for the British, arrives with a reprieve in time to see his father fall. The love story of Cedric with its happy ending relieves the gruesomeness inseparable from the time and setting.

THE CURSE OF CLOUD. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Full of surprises is this exciting story of mystery. Henry VIII. took the estate of Compton Ferrers from the monks, who pronounced a curse which strikes at the eldest son of the man holding their lands. The story commences with descriptions of Philip Cloud, a coward, only son of Sir

Henry Cloud, and John his cousin, an overbearing man, with a reputation for brutal sternness and exploration work. Driven out of Compton Ferrers by an unjust charge of forgery, he is back from an expedition in Arabia when Philip disappears. His body is found in the river; the shock kills Sir Henry, and John Cloud succeeds to the property. Marrying Grace Maryland he promises to cease exploring, but the change from activity to the monotony of a country gentleman's life drives him to gambling and drinking. Ultimately his wife, for his own sake and that of his child, hoping to retrieve their squandered fortune, releases him from his promise, and he departs to relocate, in South America, a gold mine discovered by a former partner. Tricked of this, he returns to find the ill-omened estate sold and his wife duped out of the profits on a speculation which would have restored their vanished splendours. The latent nobility in John Cloud's character enables him to triumph over ruin, and in Canada he learns that a man may lose all and yet gain everything.

THE HIDDEN CHILDREN. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Appleton.)

This fine novel is remarkable for many reasons. It is remarkable for the lavish scale on which it is planned, and for the strength of its plot, which does not wince for a moment under a weight of six hundred and fifty pages. It is remarkable for its masterful grasp of historical details; the pictures it gives of the savage warfare waged between white men and red, between the liberty-seeking American colonists and the hated British and their Indian allies, have a vivid, imaginative-realistic touch. It is remarkable, above all, for the insight and understanding, amounting almost to intuition, with which it represents, in all their subtle characteristics, the several Indian tribes whose feuds increased ten-fold the horrors of the war. The plot centres on the mysterious mission of a ragged, grey-eyed waif of a girl known as Lois, who haunts the soldiers' camps and bewitches, in spite of himself, a gallant young officer of Morgan's Rifles. Every year, on a certain day, wherever she chances to be, Lois finds outside her door two little beaded mocassins, and with them a strip of silver birch on which is written: "Swift mocassins for little feet as swift against the day that the long trail is safe. Then, in the Vale Yndaia, little Lois, seek her who bore you, saved you, lost you, but who loves you always." The story tells how Lois, with the assistance of her soldier lover and a Mohican guide, follows the dread trail to Yndaia, and after braving terrors unspeakable comes at last to her heart's desire. The Mohican guide is a strikingly clever piece of characterisation, and of the many memories which haunt the reader on closing the book the most insistent, perhaps, are the delicate beauty of the White Bridal, and the stark horror of the sacrificial rites of the Red Sorcerer.

The Bookman's Table.

PAULINE BONAPARTE AND HER LOVERS. By Hector Fleischmann. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The style of Mr. Hector Fleischmann, as it is revealed to us by his anonymous translator, is evidently meant to intrigue the reader and to lure him on to peruse this chronicle of scandals. But to a good many people it may quite possibly have the opposite effect. It is a bad style. It suggests that the author is winking knowingly at the reader as he unfolds his frivolous, aggressively chatty narrative. Pauline Bonaparte was one of the loveliest and most temperamental members of an extraordinary family. She did not attain to such eminence in love as her illustrious brother did in war, but she loved passionately and often, and only a lack of intelligence and seriousness in her methods pervented her from being one of the world's *grandes amoureuses*. The author's attempts to envisage her as a person of dignity and importance are futile. She was no Catherine de Medici, no Messalina. She was a luxury-loving woman, the spoilt and petulant sister of an Emperor, an ardent and capricious creature with a distinct trait of eroticism in her character. Her love affairs were almost as numerous as her brother's victories. She began to occupy herself with the tender passion as early in her life as possible, and she remained coquette and *intrigante* to the last. "When I am dead," she whispered at the last hour, "cover my face." Frèron was her first lover. She married then Prince Borghese, and he proved even more indulgent than Napoleon to her escapades and adventures. She was very beautiful—Canova modelled his Venus from her—very gay, and rather silly. She was reputed to have the figure of a goddess and the intelligence of a bird. She was Napoleon's favourite sister and upheld for him the dignity of his toy court at Elba. The story of her wanderings from spa to spa over the Continent in search of adventure and happiness is one of the most extraordinary episodes of a fantastic career.

SEEDS OF PINE. By Janey Canuck. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Somewhere in this volume the author declares her intention of one day writing a book that "will flow along without a break in the smooth, natural way people talk when they are alone with their families." We do not hesitate to say that Mrs. Arthur Murphy in this book has gone far to realise her ambition. "Seeds of Pine" are the symbols of the hardy pioneers engaged in carrying the steel trail of the Grand Trunk Pacific into the remote far north-west of Canada. The author has brought to her work an admirable faculty of observation, having the keen eye and good judgment to discern the literary value of apparently unimportant details which, as a matter of fact, are the very marrow of such a record. The writer's enthusiasm for Canada is boundless and contagious, and she has been able to convey to us a wonderfully clear impression of the grandeur of the open country and the hardihood of the men and women that it produces and absorbs. That she has had the courage to be critical as well as eulogistic gives additional value to a record which, in spite of the author's prohibition, we venture to call "breezy" as well as fascinating and informative. The volume closes with a prose, "Song of this Land," to which the Great War gives special poignancy and force. "We are the wide-ruling seed of the Saxons, and ever shall we answer to the rally of the race. All hands around! We will pledge the homeland of Britain!"

TOLSTOY. By Edward Garnett. 1s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Garnett's contribution to this series of vignette "Modern Biographies" will attract many readers. That Tolstoy should have been permitted to live, and write, in Russia, remains one of the most startling surprises in history. Always fearless, outspoken, fanatical, he was never apparently even in danger. We have here no attempt at an explanation in detail, but a suggestive analysis of the Count's complex personality, an appreciation of his art, and a revelation of his moral grandeur. The secret of Tolstoy's apparent inconsistences is found in one sentence of "My Confessions": "*One can only live when one is intoxicated with life.*" Hence the constant struggle, in his nature, between an intense joy in every experience possible to humanity, and self-denial's extreme asceticism; and between the vitality of a supreme artist, and the narrow outlook of a fanatic preacher. Mr. Garnett endeavours to prove that, however unpracticable were Tolstoy's social and political ideals, however ludicrous the attempts to embody them in enthusiastic communities, his *principles*

were far-reaching and ennobling, though they "struck at the whole fabric of modern civilisation," and found the root of all evil "in the false doctrine which is taught to the people *under the name of Christianity*." Tolstoy, in fact, hated all so-called Liberalism and reform, was thoroughly sceptical towards Progress and Civilisation, and actually indifferent to the organisation of society; yet he was too great a man to deny "the egoist roots of his own instincts." He personally inaugurated certain original methods of education; twice organised famine relief; and devoted much time and attention to the relief of poverty and sickness. If his Christian anarchism "ultimately leads to the most sombre denial of human life," he never neglected the appeal of humanity. We should prefer to have seen most of Mr. Garnett's footnotes incorporated in his text, but he has covered the ground with vigour and insight, leaving us an impressive picture of Tolstoy, Artist and Man.

IMPERIAL AMERICA. By J. M. Kennedy. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Near the beginning of his book Mr. Kennedy gives a photograph of "the oldest house in the United States," a ramshackle place at Santa Fé, New Mexico, and towards the close he gives us a photograph of one of the highest of New York's "skyscrapers," a 32-storey building. In that pictorial contrast we may see typified something of the difference between the America of the "revolted colonies" and the America which declares that the Munroe Doctrine holds good for the southern continent as well as for the northern; between colonies that fought for independence and a combination of States that may think it necessary to fight for markets. It is the present and the immediate future with which the author of this deeply interesting book is concerned, though to make the present clear he gives a brief but illuminating survey of the past, from the first settling of the eastern seaboard of America. Mr. Kennedy sets out with a slight sneer at the Puritans (and their "lineal political descendants" the Liberals of to-day), in that their religious enthusiasm so well fitted in with their commercial exploitations, though he recognises that their solidity of character enabled them to thrive in the stubborn soil of the west and that that solidity has in a measure persisted to the present, when English is the mother tongue of but 31 per cent. of the population, and German the mother-tongue of 27 per cent. The story of America in its relations with the home country of Europe is succintly stated by one who shows himself well fitted to present the essentials of an historical survey in a clear and telling fashion. The impression that we get is of the almost inevitable development of "Imperialism" in America, and of an aspect of the relationship of this country and the United States which, as the author declares, "if less seductive and tender than that held up to us by the peace-mongers, is certainly more manly and more in accordance with reality." Essentially this study of American relationships is an addition to the already considerable body of volumes called into being by the completion of the Panama Canal. It is a deeply interesting book, and one that may be the better welcomed for its note of bracing criticism, its author's refusal to accept the deadening doctrine that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Behind the Picture (6s.) is an attractive melodrama in which the love interest is unusually well developed. So is the collecting interest—for the hero is a young man who possesses infallible taste in artistic matters, and invincible luck as well. Many readers will find a curious fascination in the manner in which he discovered Turner's greatest picture, for instance. Even the villain, who has defrauded the heroine of her inheritance, is a distinguished amateur collector—and even if the whole business seems a great deal easier than it really is, the very readable level which the book reaches will ensure the reader's forgiveness for its author, Mr. M. McD. Bodkin, K.C., who seems to have deserted detective fiction for the time being.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

The mere fact that **The Wife in Ancient and Modern Times**, by E. J. Schuster (1s. net), which was first published in 1911, should have been reissued this year, is, perhaps, the best testimony to its excellence, and, indeed, we cannot call to mind offhand any other book of approximately the same size which contains so much information so soberly, clearly, and concisely put. Mr. Schuster, indeed, makes no pretence of concealing his sympathy with the cause of the wife, and he is quite ready to break a lance in his struggle with the "convenient assumptions of prejudiced or interested adherents of the present state of things," but he is rarely partizan in his statements, and he is very far from adopting that attitude towards the relative advantages of marriage and free union which is taken up by a certain number of the most advanced feminists. Occasionally, perhaps, Mr. Schuster is somewhat bigoted, as where he writes that "blindness to notorious facts marks the opposition to a reform of the Divorce Laws," and some of his statements on the inevitability of woman suffrage betray an unwillingness to credit opponents with any superfluity of brain-power, but on the whole he is fair enough, and, whatever his comments, he does not distort his actual facts.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN & SONS.

Negro Folk-Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants is a delightful collection of negro folk-singing games, preceded by interesting and amusing textual matter, and illustrated with photographs which add greatly to the book's quaint charm. The traditional melodies and text are transcribed by Grace Cleveland Porter, and the accompaniments are by Henry Worthington Loomis. On the cover is a portrait of Mammy Mary, whose motherly benevolence seems to shed its radiance through all the pages. Some of the games included in the book were given in Europe for the first time last year by the children of the Esperance Guild of Morris Dancers at Miss Porter's recital. "That the book will be an addition to the English folk-art books," says Miss Mary Neal, honorary secretary to the Guild, who writes a short foreword, "is, in my mind, assured by the fact that the children loved the games and entered into the playing of them with great zest." Miss Porter's excellent collection will do much to bring English children in contact with the games that have delighted the heart of the little negro for generations; and to make them known will surely mean to make them popular, for, as Mammy said: "Dey wuzen' only enjoyin' deyselves, but dey wuz a-gittin' *exercise* 'sides de fun."

MR. WILLIAM HODGE.

The Trial of the Seddons, edited by Filson Young (5s.) is a new volume in the "Notable English Trials," which already includes "Eugene Aram" and "Mrs. Maybrick," and promises "John Thurtell" and "Dr. Crippen." The four hundred pages cover a full report of the trial. Mr. Filson Young contributes an introduction, outlining the case, and pointing out its significance as "a classical example of the working of the Prisoners' Evidence Act in capital cases." "To one who heard the whole of the trial," he says, "it appeared as if in fact Seddon was convicted not because the Crown succeeded in proving his guilt, but because he failed to prove his innocence." There are photographs of the then Attorney-General, Mr. Marshall Hall, Mr. Gervais Rentoul, the Seddons and Miss Barrow. Slices of life in this form are more excusable than in fiction. They may be expected to serve the cause of truth as well as to provide solid reading matter to the leisured. Whether anyone still living might be hurt in a manner likely to outweigh those advantages it is not for us to say, but it must be mentioned as a consideration worth attention. The right of the volume to exist will, we suppose, be taken as proved only by the measure of its success. Mr. Filson Young's point might have been made in less than four hundred pages, and apart from it reading matter as interesting could be found in trials involving no one now alive.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

In **The Mystery of Dark Hollow** (6s.), Miss Anna Katharine Green attempts—with much success—a variation on the usual scheme of the detective novel. The crime with which the book deals is twelve years old. It was a murder, for which the heroine's husband has paid the penalty with his life. Now her daughter, Reuther, has fallen in love with the son of the judge who sentenced Scoville to death. Such a marriage is, in Mrs. Scoville's eyes impossible; unless her husband's innocence can be established. It is with this end in view that she betakes herself to her old home, there to start the careful inquiries which end in the solving of the mystery, and the reunion of Reuther and her lover. As is usual when Miss Green is the writer, the steps by which the crime is gradually reconstructed are at once extraordinarily ingenious and completely logical, and the book is in every way an admirable specimen of her work. It should appeal to every reader who prefers detective stories that make him think to those of which the interest is merely sensational.